WHAT HITLER WILL DO NEXT

MAY 14, 1938

Liberty

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R.C.KAUFFMANN

What Swing Really Does to People by Benny Goodman

How to Dress on Five Hundred Dollars a Year by Marjorie Hillis

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
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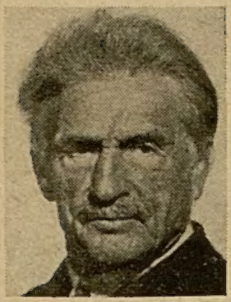
THE AMERICAN SYSTEM—OUT OF DATE?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

We are told by many college-educated economists that our governmental system which has guided us during the last century and a half is no longer applicable. They call this the complicated age . . . they say that the intricacies of these modern times require radical changes in our governmental procedure.

Usually, when a certain system has been adhered to for a long period with a degree of success that might be called miraculous, there must be some evidence of failure before any change is made, and the necessity for change in this instance was indicated by the 1929 depression, so some of our official experts maintain.

We were on the verge of a revolution. We were facing a chaotic situation, and we could not depend on the old-time procedures, so our cocksure economists state.

There is no dependable foundation for this viewpoint. Depressions have come and gone on many occasions in this country, and the upswing of our commercial progress and of our standard of living was halted only temporarily.

We were moving along with giant strides before the last depression. We still possess nearly half the wealth of the world, and there was no effort on the part of the central government to make radical changes in our system during the first five months of that administration's tenure in office. During this period our officials were quietly hatching the plans that were quickly to remedy the depression. The Brain Trust was then much in evidence. The product of these mental efforts, they expected, would cure the depression in a few months.

And many of these artificial methods were tested, and miserable failure was the usual net result.

But still these same cocksure economists are certain that our governmental system should be radically changed. There was no dependable evidence to prove the accuracy of this contention. They would have some difficulty in proving that we could not have plowed ourselves out of the depression far sooner if the economic law associated with supply and demand had been followed in this instance, as it was during similar difficulties.

Providing relief was the only problem that would have been at all critical, but in all previous depressions those who possessed an oversupply of riches had to do their share in feeding the hungry. Every community then took care of its own charity victims.

Identically the same procedure could have been followed in the last depression. It might have been necessary for some communities to borrow from the state government, and some states might have found it desirable to borrow from the Washington government, but that would have been about the only necessary deviation in comparison with other depressions.

The complaint of the workers that they were not getting a fair share of the income, which was endorsed by many government officials, has been proven to be unqualifiedly false by a recent government report which was referred to previously in these columns. When 84 per cent of the industrial income goes to workers, there is certainly no chance for reasonably maintaining that they do not get their share.

Undoubtedly there are some employers who have been unfair to workers, but such a situation should not excuse an attack on all employers such as was instituted by some of our Washington officials, guided largely by what might properly be called the Brainless Trusters.

Our system of government has given us more liberties, a higher standard of living, greater riches than any other country in the world. These United States have been a magnet that has attracted people from all parts of the world. Here they could be free from official coercion. Here they would have opportunities to develop in accordance with their individual abilities, and the heavy hand of official favoritism could be avoided.

No possible governmental viewpoint could change the true meaning of liberty, and the fundamental principles back of a free government will always be the same, regardless of the so-called complications associated with modern living.

Naturally restrictions must be observed in a thickly settled community that would not be required in the wilds of a pioneer settlement, and there might be minor variations, but the fundamental principles back of the American government which have given us the greatest country in the world should not be materially changed.

Bernarr Macfadden

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WHAT HITLER WILL DO NEXT

Authoritative, startling!—A forecast, made by one who knows, of Der Fuhrer's coming momentous moves for new power

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHAT will Hitler do next? That question exercises every chancellery in the world. Prophecy is a hazardous occupation. Sometimes prophets guess right. When the press gleefully foretold the decline of National Socialism, I predicted in Liberty that Adolf Hitler was Germany's Man of Destiny. That was one year before the field marshal who lost the World War made the corporal who won it twenty years later his chancellor. I interpreted point by point Hitler's program, including the Nuremberg laws against the Jews. The Editor of Liberty, unwilling to arouse racial rancor in the United States, expunged my remarks on Hitler's proposed anti-Semitic measures. To many, including the present writer, Hitler's anti-Jewish complex is the " blind spot " in an otherwise brilliant mind. The Nuremberg laws surpassed the worst fears of Germany's well-wishers.

Sixteen years ago, in 1922, I wrote that Germany would never pay " the preposterous reparations imposed upon her," and that " long before the Peace Treaty expired, no foreign soldier would stand guard on the Rhine." I prophesied the resurrection of German nationalism, the redemption of the Ruhr, the Saar valley, the Rhineland, and the eclipse of France. I envisaged the union of Germany with Austria, the absorption of German Czechoslovakia, a readjustment of the Franco-German border, the repossession of Danzig and of the Polish Corridor. Three fourths of my prophecies have come true. Others, unless all signs fail, are now on the way.

Any one who has talked to Hitler before and after he seized the reins, any one who has intelligently read Mein Kampf, knows his thoughts on fundamental questions and is not surprised by Hitler's so-called " surprises," but by the fact that he adheres so closely to his program. His basic objectives are:

1. An understanding with Italy and England; friendship with Japan and (if possible) the United States.
2. Liberation of Europe from the hegemony of France.
3. The destruction of " international capitalism " and " international Marxism " which, to Hitler, represent the two faces of Judaism.
4. Consolidation, so far as feasible, of all Germans in Mid-Europe under the flag of Greater Germany.
5. German leadership in Central Europe; the penetration of the Balkans with (but not against) Italy; and the resurrection of the road from Berlin to Bagdad with (but not against) Great Britain.
6. The restoration of Germany's colonies and the acquisition of raw materials on a gigantic scale.
7. Expansion in Europe at the expense of Russia.

When the Editor of Liberty had his momentous interview with Mussolini, the question of *Anschluss* was not mentioned. Yet a few days later Hitler united Austria, the land of his birth, with Germany, the land of his soul. Hitler says he did not know he would march into Austria five days before the event. But both Hitler and Mussolini knew the brown shirts would march into Austria sooner or later. Mussolini said to me in 1926 that he considered *Anschluss* of far more importance to Germany than to Italy. His demonstrations against *Anschluss* were politics, not a fundamental policy.

More than thirteen years ago Hitler, on the first page of his autobiography, proclaimed that German Austria must be united with the great German motherland. In his historical speech before the Reichstag, after his fateful rendezvous with Schuschnigg at Berchtesgaden, he promulgated a German Monroe Doctrine. Germany officially assumed the guardianship of all Germans in countries contiguous to the Reich.

Of the 10,000,000 Germans over whom Hitler stretched out a protecting hand, 6,500,000 are now in the German fold. Hitler believes that the majority of the 3,500,000 Germans parceled out to Czechoslovakia gaze wistfully across the border. In one form or another, they, too, will return to Germany. While others talk Hitler acts.

In his bold attempt to complete Bismarck's work, Hitler will not shed blood, if possible. But he is determined to consolidate eventually 80,000,000 Germans in the heart of Europe. " Germany," Hitler said to me in our first conversation, " is the only great nation in Europe that has not achieved national unity." If he has his way, she will achieve that unity.

Hitler's first move will be to consolidate his gains, to penetrate the Danubian countries economically and psychologically. There is every reason, he thinks, why Germany should dominate that region. France, in his opinion, has nothing to seek there. There is no reason, the Germans contend, why the French should interfere in Germany's back yard. They consider pre-eminence in Central Europe Germany's " manifest destiny."

In pursuit of this destiny Hitler will try to make Vienna more important than it was in the days of the Hapsburgs. Vienna is the great gateway to the markets of the Balkans and the Orient. Holding it, he is determined to realize Professor Naumann's dream of Mid-Europe and Emperor William's dream of an unimpeded commercial road from Berlin to Bagdad.

Hitler's next step will be to make Germany impregnable on the Danube. All the countries along the Danube, save one, are friendly to Germany. All save Czechoslovakia. Allied with Communist Russia, Czechoslovakia is a pistol pointed at Germany's breast. Unless that pistol is muzzled, Czechoslovakia's hour of destiny will strike. No one, not even Hitler, can say whether it will strike today or tomorrow.

The Führer may permit Czechoslovakia to flourish as an independent state, if she severs her alliance with Bolshevism and grants complete autonomy to her German citizens. These, split before Hitler's triumph in Austria, are now united and constitute the largest single party in the Czechoslovakian Diet.

If Czechoslovakia enters the German orbit, Hitler will not disturb her, although the sheer mass of 75,000,000 Germans across the border may prove an irresistible magnet to their 3,500,000 kinsmen. He need not resort to war to exert pressure. The country is almost completely surrounded by German territory. Its trade flows chiefly through the port of Hamburg. If Hitler closes that port, he can strangulate Czechoslovakian commerce. He also controls the road to the only other outlet—Trieste. Moreover, Germany is Czechoslovakia's greatest customer.

If Czechoslovakia continues to deny complete equality to her German citizens, Hitler will march again at the psychological moment. In my opinion, he harbors no desire whatever to add more Slavs to the German Reich by annexing purely Czechoslovakian districts.

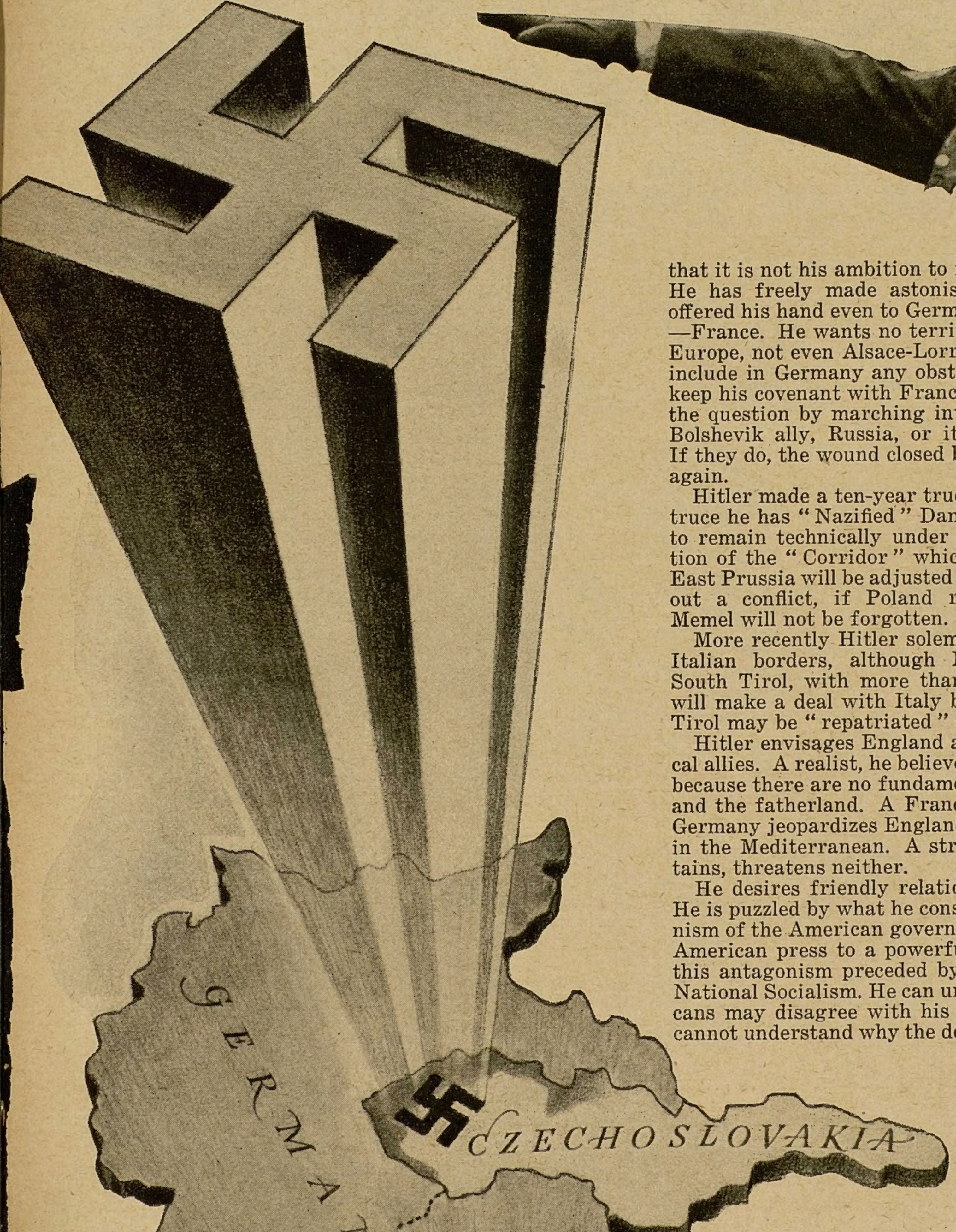
Hitler has no designs upon the independence of Rumania or the Ukraine (now held by Soviet Russia), but he will not rest until he has unimpeded access to the oil of the one and the granaries of the other.

Colonies he wants, of course. He expects to regain most of Germany's " mandated " colonies. It is unlikely that he will be content with these. He will probably, by purchase and friendly collaboration with other colonial Powers, satisfy the increasing needs of the German people. But colonies are a secondary consideration!

Hitler wants more space—but where will he get it? He will not fight for every scrap of German soil torn from the Reich by the Peace Treaty. He has definitely said

by George Sylvester Viereck

Author of "The Kaiser on Trial"



Of the Germans over whom he stretched out a protecting hand, 6,500,000 are now in the fold. He believes the majority of those in Czechoslovakia wish to be in it.

that it is not his ambition to restore the borders of 1914. He has freely made astonishing concessions. He has offered his hand even to Germany's inveterate antagonist—France. He wants no territory now held by France in Europe, not even Alsace-Lorraine. He does not desire to include in Germany any obstreperous minority. He will keep his covenant with France, unless the French reopen the question by marching into Germany to rescue their Bolshevik ally, Russia, or its satellite, Czechoslovakia. If they do, the wound closed by Hitler may start to bleed again.

Hitler made a ten-year truce with Poland. Under that truce he has "Nazified" Danzig but permitted that city to remain technically under Polish tutelage. The question of the "Corridor" which separates Germany from East Prussia will be adjusted in a larger settlement, without a conflict, if Poland remains Germany's friend. Memel will not be forgotten.

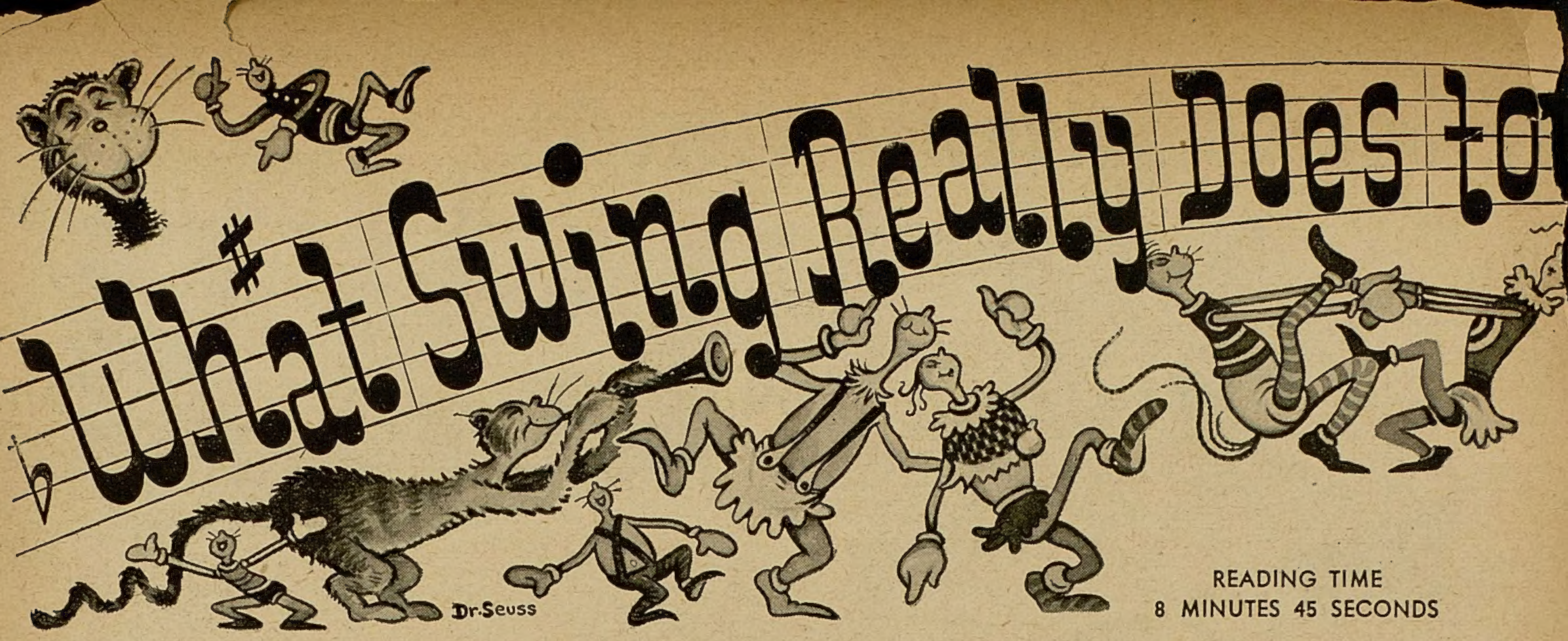
More recently Hitler solemnly guaranteed the present Italian borders, although Mussolini's realm includes South Tirol, with more than 200,000 Germans. Hitler will make a deal with Italy by which Germans in South Tirol may be "repatriated" on German soil.

Hitler envisages England and Italy as Germany's logical allies. A realist, he believes in co-operation with them because there are no fundamental conflicts between them and the fatherland. A France unchecked by a powerful Germany jeopardizes England in the North Sea and Italy in the Mediterranean. A strong Germany, Hitler maintains, threatens neither.

He desires friendly relations with the United States. He is puzzled by what he considers the persistent antagonism of the American government and a large part of the American press to a powerful Germany, and notes that this antagonism preceded by many years the advent of National Socialism. He can understand that many Americans may disagree with his political philosophy, but he cannot understand why the democracies do not appreciate his fight against Communism. He finds Japan more sympathetic in this respect.

Desiring to remain friendly with Japan, Hitler makes no claim to Germany's lost colonies in the Far East. Fully aware of the strength of the United States and the inviolability of the Monroe Doctrine, he has no intention of running afoul of Uncle Sam, even if he gives us a run for our money commercially. Prizing the good will of England, he cannot quarrel ov colonial bones with the British lion, but he insists t Germany must have space—space to breathe, space expand. For expansion, Hitler looks neither to the sou nor to the west, but to the east. Having retaken t Reich's eastern outpost, Austria, his territorial ambitio may be satiated, until Russia begins to crumble.

THE END


What Swing Really Does to
Dr. Seuss

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

I HAVE been watching a new brand of fun blossom in America. Whether you are old or young, rich or poor, its magic brings you out of yourself and puts you in a stomping, romping mood. This latest fad in revelry is swing music.

Swing music is to moderns what old-time barn tunes were to jigging farmers, and strumming guitars and crooning were to black feet shuffling in the delta mud.

But first let me say that swing music is not expressed in sexy dancing with cheek to jowl, though to swing musicians, swing dancers and singers, and even to the swing listeners, this rhythm provides an outlet for the exhibitionism in every one.

Just what, then, is swing music? It is amazing how many people ask that question.

Jorge Oller, classic guitarist, heard my swing band and said: " Swing music is a new kind of symphony."

Szigetti, concert violinist, listened and said that he recognized swing as modern and original music.

Dancers express swing by becoming absorbed in its rhythm. Musicians, dancers, and singers express it in exaggerated tunes, motions, and tones, but in their exaggeration is new and undiluted joy.

Swing started down in the cabins and shanties on the Mississippi, where the Negroes strummed guitars; then it reached New Orleans honky-tonks, where some musicians started tooting horns to accompany the guitars. The rhythm was out of the ordinary accepted rhythm. Ragtime, jazz would have been monotony in those swingy musicians' lives who played in barrel houses and on the steamboats plowing the river and mingled with the Memphis Beale Street blues makers. As swing music crept along the river, other musicians in bands here and there craving individual expression began to throw in a flourish. The flourish instantly communicated the barrel-house mood, the fun mood, from the musician to the dancers and the listeners. The musician was swinging out a tune, a contagious tempo, and the crowd caught it. The musician was " in the groove."

Swing music naturally brought along with it a new language. Its dancers are known as jitterbugs who do the flittercut. The musicians are " cats " who *send, ride,* and *go out of the world.* Its listeners are " alligators " and " ickies "; its most ardent followers are whackies, etc.

Every one who likes swing music has a pet definition for it. Something like " an itching sensation you can't scratch," or " just a lot of noise," or maybe " something to drive you outa your mind." To those who understand it, swing is a " neat streak," a " hot lick."

But really to know what swing music is you have to feel it *inside.* If you feel swing, then you can't help expressing it, any more than you can help eating, sleeping, crying, or dancing. To test this out on yourself, next time you hear a swing band playing hot, swinging it out, agonizing, ask yourself, " Do I feel that? "

If you feel it, your eyebrows curl, your lips twitch, your anklebones pump, and your toes throb. You know it's the real thing.

But if your answer is muffed and lost in a blast of brass and reed and savage beats which leave you with all your breath and not a goose bump on your skin, then you, of course, do not *feel* swing. You do not yet understand what it really means.

But do not give up, because swing music has been on its way since the first twig rapped against another and the first bird pecked rhythmically on a hollow log. The new thing, swing, is old as the very base of music.

Swing has to get inside you—and it will eventually, although it has to crawl in, through your ears, through vibration, through your pores. You eventually become saturated with it, hypnotized. And then, when a cat *sends* a tune " out of the world," it fills every crook and cranny of your soul and mind. You start to shag! You peel the apple! You beat it down! You ride to town—ride right out of the world with the sender.

Don't you believe me? Then ask an alligator. There are millions of alligators in the United States, from coast to coast, from Canada to the Florida Keys.

If you watch an alligator dance, you know then that swing is more than movement, more than command. It pushes, tears and rips and groans and snorts, once it gets inside you. It is more than sound. It's rhythm, the base of all music, and it is real enough to have girls and boys everywhere, with all their senses, " pecking " and " posing " and " grinding the apple " with a rapturous frenzy in their eyes. That frenzy is like the word " sterling " on silver. It means that, through and through, they feel swing music. Theirs is the new ecstasy.

Swing, cat. Swing, alligator. Swing, little peach and apple peeler!

Does this leave you just as you were before? Have you listened and watched and shaken your head and called for your check and sallied forth home saying, " So that's the thing they call swing! Well, take it away. It doesn't mean a thing to me " ?

Listen. A clarinet goes toodle-oodle-oodle. (That's the agony pipe *sending.*) The brasses jam in. Millions of jitterbugs answer, " Let her ride! " " Beat it down! " They start the shag, the Big Apple, flittercutting all over the country. They are swing-happy.

If you listen and nothing within you answers, don't sign off, because if you can consider what the idea of swing means to others, that might help you.

Those who really think swing is all right will tell you there is nothing like swinging out a tune to put it in shape. Certainly, they contend, swinging it out will start your foot patting. Nobody can mind patting their foot.

Jitterbugs, whackies, alligators, gather round!—Your high priest of hot music rends the veil from a modern mystery

People

BY BENNY GOODMAN

Millions of swing-happy jitterbugs cry, " Beat it down! "

If you feel you are becoming swing-conscious, then there is a chance of your becoming at any jam session (when all the cats send) an expert listener. You'll begin quivering at any measure and bobbing in your chair.

That is how the thing gets you. You start co-operating. Then you collaborate. The next thing you know, you're whacky!

Swing music is not like a horse race or a World Series, although the idea is definitely a sporting thing. You may have a fair idea of what Joe DiMaggio is likely to do to Carl Hubbell's ball, and what the horse from the Whitney stables may or may not do; but with a *swinging cat sending,* you can never tell where he's going—only that he is going " out of the world." He points his brass or his reed toward the ceiling and " rides." That much is certain when he stands up and *takes* the tune. But only the god of Swing knows where he's going and when he'll stop with it. The rider doesn't know himself. And the listeners don't care where he goes, but that they are going with him " out of the world."

You'll see the whackies and alligators crowd around the band. You'll see their frenzied happy eyes, jerking shoulders, and pumping ankles. All right! They're *beating it down* with the rider. They have gone " out of the world " with the sender. In their frenzy, the swing listeners express what is perhaps the real meaning of swing—the outlet for fear, inhibitions, dreams, hopes. " Out of the world " in their abandon, they are free from job-fear, worries, from nagging friends and duty-calling love.

Swing music has gradually taken its place in the present. The reason for its appeal, some serious-minded folk contend, is that it offers, in its jamming of sound, release from the pressure of depression and war clouds, from the wail of hard times.

Is that the meaning of swing music and swing dancing to you? Is that what taking part in the Big Apple means to you? When you dance the Big Apple, do you beat out the pectin of emotion and thereby soothe your nerves and your frenzy and feel better adjusted to modern life?

You've got a right to your own opinion.

I know that when as a kid I had to discontinue my expensive lessons on the clarinet when my father was hit by a truck, I found solace in just playing on what I then called the " agony pipe." I improvised, sometimes thinking of the installments I owed the mail-order house where I had obtained the instrument. I was sad, thinking that now I could never reach my goal—to become a symphony man.

I took a job in an orchestra on an excursion boat. I began expressing everything I felt, the currents of my heart and mind, on my clarinet. I had not learned to interpret meanings and emotions in my classical study. But in feeling I was portraying the essence of real music, true symphony, in my own way.

Now, a musician swings when he improvises . . . when he expresses, in his own way, his own interpretation of a tune, which is a feeling, an emotion.

Always swing music holds a natural, primitive beat, rhythm. Always it has stimulation, like music accompanying worship. In its own beat and bleating it has real pathos, as real as anything written by Mozart, Beethoven, Debussy. But I don't hold an academic angle toward swing music.

This is my angle:

For instance, My Gal Sal is an all-right number. But what are you going to do after you play it seven hundred times? Musicians, weary and bored, take it to town for fun, try to do something different with it, play around and lick it around, and first thing you know, one has taken it " out of the world."

Some say swing music is dying. I don't know. But I do know that all over the country more young musicians are playing swing. The process of taking trifling music of popular tunes and giving it musical substances of their own emotional understanding and individual invention and warmth is too much fun to all concerned.

Swing and jam sessions are really contagious. They are impromptu battles of wit and origination, always a game with each musician trying to outswing the other.

Swing is not just a stunt. It is serious music and has a place anywhere, because it offers a field of self-expression no other music offers.

It has traveled a long way, up the Mississippi, from coast to coast, and into Carnegie Hall, where a piano, guitar, bass drums, four saxophones, two trombones, three trumpets, and a clarinet beat it down, made it jam.

Where is swing music going? I don't know. Only, as long as the millions of people go " out of the world " with it I think it will continue to be a part of music and therefore is here to stay.

THE END

The Blind Wife from

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

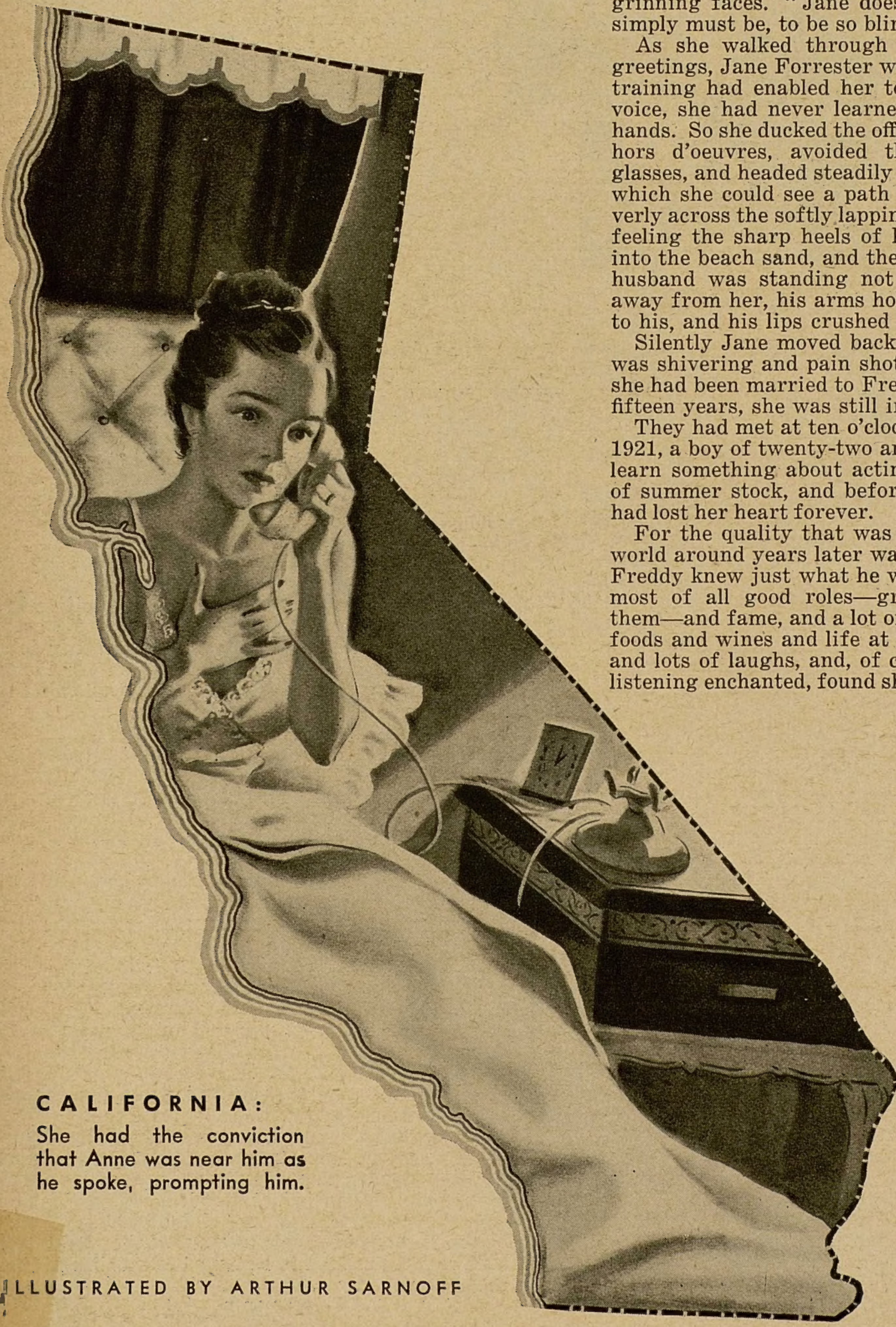
HAVE you met Anne Corday yet, Jane?" asked Nella Webster.

"No," said Jane.

"You should. I warn you, she's got a face to haunt a wife."

". . . And a figure," said Beth Merrick.

". . . Plus one of those low-down voices," added Nella.



CALIFORNIA:
She had the conviction that Anne was near him as he spoke, prompting him.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

". . . And this morning she was cast to be your husband's leading woman, Jane."

"Really?" said Jane. "Well, how nice for Freddy! They say she is an excellent actress, and when a good actress is beautiful too, that's such a help. Don't you think it's getting a little close in here? I'm going out for some air."

Nella Webster watched as Jane moved regally away. "How nice for Freddy, indeed," she cooed into the other grinning faces. "Jane doesn't look like a fool, but she simply must be, to be so blind."

As she walked through the crowded room, smiling greetings, Jane Forrester was aware that, while years of training had enabled her to manage her smile and her voice, she had never learned to control the chill of her hands. So she ducked the offered trays of sandwiches and hors d'oeuvres, avoided the outstretched champagne glasses, and headed steadily toward the doorway through which she could see a path of moonlight spread out silverly across the softly lapping Pacific. She left the house, feeling the sharp heels of her evening slippers sinking into the beach sand, and then stopped suddenly. For her husband was standing not more than a hundred feet away from her, his arms holding a girl's soft body tight to his, and his lips crushed against her throat.

Silently Jane moved back into the deep shadows. She was shivering and pain shot through her; for, although she had been married to Freddy Forrester for more than fifteen years, she was still in love with him.

They had met at ten o'clock in the morning of April 9, 1921, a boy of twenty-two and a girl of twenty, trying to learn something about acting through playing a season of summer stock, and before the day was finished Jane had lost her heart forever.

For the quality that was to stir screen audiences the world around years later was just flaming up in Freddy. Freddy knew just what he wanted from life. He wanted most of all good roles—great acting parts, he called them—and fame, and a lot of money, and travel and good foods and wines and life at its best while he was young, and lots of laughs, and, of course, the best tailor. Jane, listening enchanted, found she wanted all that, too. Then, the first time they played a love scene together, Freddy startled her by going into the kiss and not merely faking it. He told Jane other things he wanted. She merely blushed deeply and shook her head, frightened that it might all end then and there.

Instead, he had laughed and pulled her into his arms and looked down into her dark eyes.

"Why, you precious little boob," he said. "So you're one of those good ones that I've got to marry!"

She tried to be a little spirited, though it was difficult with her very bones turning to water.

"Have you had so many wives?"

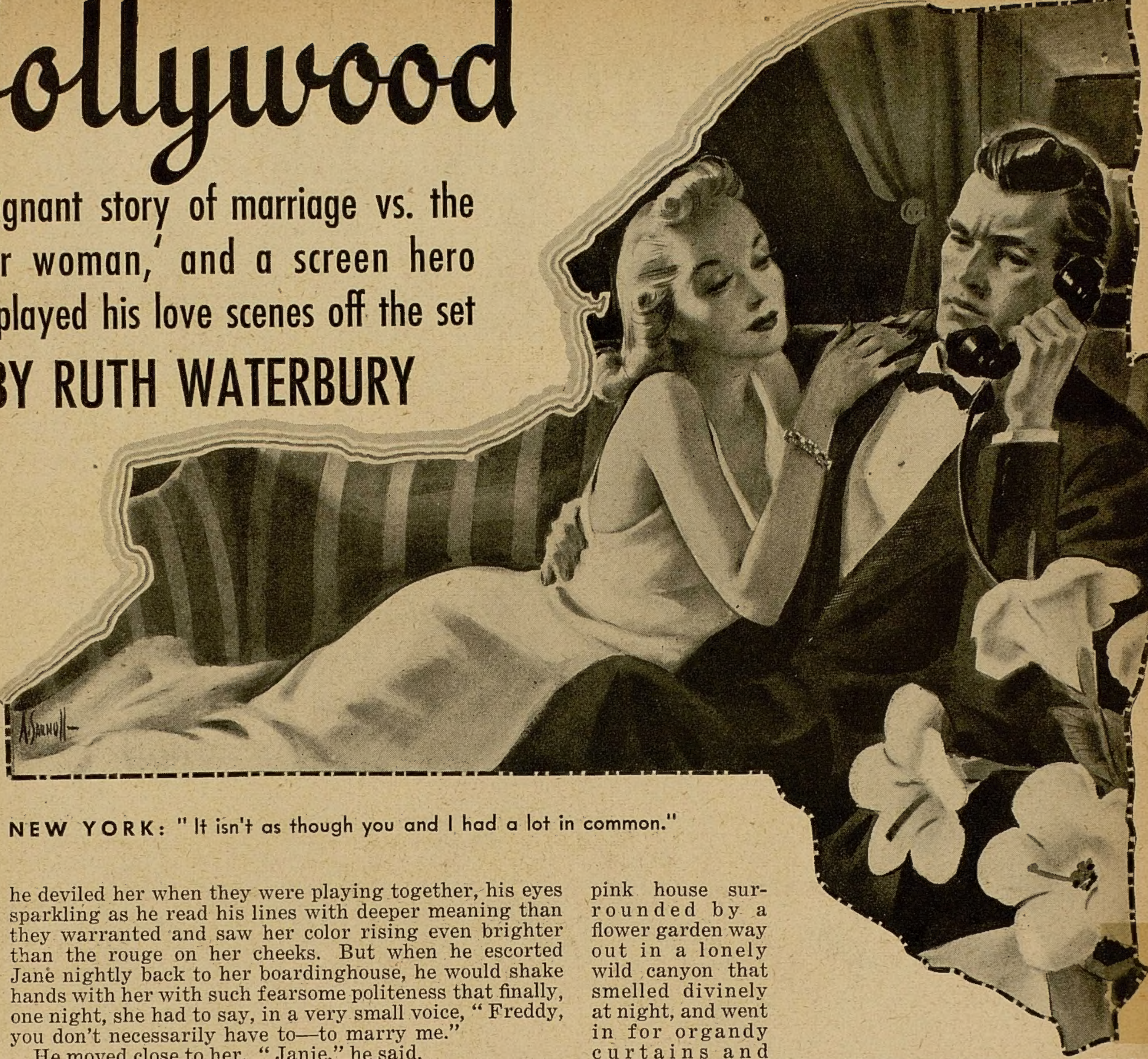
"None," said Freddy; "but I have a hunch I'm going to have one before this season is over."

After that, he never flirted with her offstage, but

Hollywood

A poignant story of marriage vs. the 'other woman,' and a screen hero who played his love scenes off the set

BY RUTH WATERBURY



NEW YORK: "It isn't as though you and I had a lot in common."

he deviled her when they were playing together, his eyes sparkling as he read his lines with deeper meaning than they warranted and saw her color rising even brighter than the rouge on her cheeks. But when he escorted Jane nightly back to her boardinghouse, he would shake hands with her with such fearsome politeness that finally, one night, she had to say, in a very small voice, "Freddy, you don't necessarily have to—to marry me."

He moved close to her. "Janie," he said.

"Don't tease. I mean . . ."

He held up her chin with his thumb and kissed her full on the lips. It didn't bother him in the least that they were directly in the path of an arc light.

"Janie," he said, "I might as well marry you, because nobody will ever be as sweet as you. Besides, the company closes next week and we won't have another thing to do."

So they did get married, and headed straight for Broadway. They solemnly promised one another that they would never play in any production unless they could be in it together.

They stuck to that, too, until 1927, when Jane took time off to have a baby and Hollywood discovered Freddy.

In one grand gesture, the Forresters drew their whole two thousand dollars from the savings bank and arrived in Hollywood in a cloud of bliss and a brand-new though unpaid-for sedan.

The studio began rushing Freddy at once. Sound was newly in and the silent actors were in the discard. The directors had come in from the stage, too, and no one was quite sure of what any one else was doing. Microphones were concealed in the most unlikely places, so that while the hero was holding the heroine in his arms he was whispering "I love you" into a vase of flowers or an open fireplace. Jane adapted herself to Freddy's weird hours and jangled nerves. Besides, she discovered after six months of not having a career that it was rather a lovely thing just to be a wife. She rented for them a big pink house surrounded by a flower garden way out in a lonely wild canyon that smelled divinely at night, and went in for organdy curtains and homespun bedspreads and colorful kitchenware. Little Fredericka was making her first silly attempts at walking, and getting browner by the minute. The maid who had said she was a wonderful cook nearly lived up to it.

Jane laughed at herself for making such a big role out of seeing that Freddy got exactly his favorite food at all times, perfectly shaded lights to study by, and uninterrupted sleeping hours, but she knew she was getting a terrific bang out of it. She honestly wasn't too lonely when evening after evening she sat home reading, stopping only every once in a while to pop into the nursery to look at the sleeping baby or to raise her head to listen for the first sounds of Freddy's approaching car. She thought herself absolutely secure.

And she was, until time enough passed for two of Freddy's pictures to get out and for him to be a hit. The preliminary warning came the night after his second preview when she teased Freddy about his new haircut. Up until then, the studio's constant tinkering with his appearance had been one of their favorite jokes.

But that night, when she mocked, "So they're draping your hair to hide your outsize ears," Freddy frowned slightly and said, "It isn't that my ears are too large, but it makes the whole line of my head better."

She turned quickly, expecting to see his ingratiating grin, but his handsome eyes were set straight on the road ahead. When they got home he went directly to his sleeping porch with no more than a hurried kiss that landed somewhere between her hair line and her ear.

The next night they went to their first important big party in Hollywood, and that was when the new phase of Jane's life began.

That evening Jane believed it was her own fault. Six months of living up in the canyon with nobody but the baby to talk to had undoubtedly made her dull. After dinner Jane discovered herself off in a cardroom with three supervisors' wives, playing bridge. She didn't know then that that was what happened to wives in Hollywood if they weren't in pictures themselves.

She was at first a little defensive about it. She told, at dinner parties, with just the correct amount of modesty, about her own acting career. Her dinner partner inevitably gave her a little pat on the shoulder when she finished and said that was nice. But she seemed always to end up in a room with the other wives.

She tried, next, to avoid parties; but Freddy said, "Gee, Janie, they are almost as important to my career as the right roles, so be a pal," and after that there was no way out.

Three months later, on the day when Fredericka first said, "Fred'rick me," Jane learned about Freddy's affair with Betty Turner.

Her first reaction was anger. She even went so far as to look up a lawyer's number in the phone book, when suddenly she realized that to divorce Freddy meant she would have to leave him, never again, perhaps, to hear his voice or watch his eyes crinkle up when he grinned, never again to know the sight or the sound or the smell of him.

She sat very still after that, because she knew that was impossible for her. She loved him too much for that. And hours later she knew she wasn't going to do anything except a very hard thing—keep her eyes and her ears and her mouth closed, and wait.

IT wasn't as long as she feared—only about three months. But all through those months she felt as though she were just a brain, thinking, recording, waiting, and with no body at all.

Then suddenly Freddy came home one evening and leaned down and kissed her. "You are a fine woman, Janie," Freddy said, and Jane held on very tight to herself, and later that night they pretended things were just as they had always been.

But when production began on Fairer Fields and June Arlington was assigned to be Freddy's leading woman, the whispers about June and Freddy came straight back to Janie. And after that there were Tanis Curtis and Gertrude Booth and Mary Neff and Phyllis Grant; there was, in fact, one to a picture.

Meanwhile she and Freddy were becoming incredibly rich. Since he could really act, he got the right parts written for him, and so adroit was the handling of his career that his pictures gained steadily in value.

Jane disciplined herself into detachment during the weeks when Freddy was working, and lived thoroughly and completely in the months that he was between productions and back home. She learned how to take the bows as his wife, and, what was more important, when to take them. They went to the right previews and parties. The correct seasons saw them at Palm Springs or Del Monte. They had the best boxes at Santa Anita and the Hollywood Bowl. Freddy gave out interviews and posed for pictures with Jane and the studio proclaimed their ideal marriage to the world. She beheld them becoming an institution, and therein she discovered a foundation for her love of him.

For, by letting herself seem dumb and blind, she came to understand him: to know him for the quick amorist he was; to realize how his need for illusion made him see in each new leading woman today's ideal; to tolerate how he appropriated love speeches that had been written for him so instinctively that he believed they were his own.

So time drifted by, and only Fredericka's becoming increasingly taller and more like her father in every gesture indicated that the years had lapsed at all.

And if Janie was in love with her love for her husband, her daughter was infatuated with him. He adored the child in return. He taught her to ride and to swim. He had shortened golf sticks made for her so that she could bat around with him on their private nine-hole course. And Jane knew he was too good a showman to be unconscious of the picture they made, the tall distinguished man and the slim child identically like him.

Thus it was that on that evening at the Marstons' when Jane saw Freddy's passionate lips pressed against Anne Corday's throat, she wasn't too alarmed, only a little sick with that familiar iciness chilling her.

But Anne Corday herself made the situation different. She was more intelligent than the other girls had been, and more tenacious. She had another advantage, too, in that Freddy was trying to ignore that his next birthday, officially his thirty-fifth, was actually his thirty-ninth. Anne Corday was nineteen.

Algeria, their first picture together, demanded a location jaunt. The company went out for a scheduled ten days north of Yuma, and stayed six weeks. Jane worried about Freddy in that desert heat; but he phoned about seven every evening to say good night to Fredericka, and insisted that he was all right. When he got back, his nerves were more than ordinarily taut and his dark, almost sinister face for the first time looked haggard. Warily Jane noted that around Anne Corday there shone the familiar glow of the woman in possession.

Even before Algeria was cut, everybody smelled out a hit.

Benny Friedbaum, head of the studio, came out for dinner, bringing Mrs. Friedbaum and Anne Corday.

"Listen, Freddy," he said, "this thing is terrific. We got to get another picture with you and Anne out to the public quick to mop up on the Algeria profits. You been going along for years now giving us good pictures that sold a lot of B products for us, but never did you give us one like this. We'll pay you a bonus to do this next picture quick. That's why I asked Jane, here, to invite Claude Sparks to come for dinner here, too, tonight. We can get his mind working on stories right now and hit while this is hot."

"Wouldn't," asked Anne Corday, in her husky voice which contrasted so with her child's face, "wouldn't it be a good contrast to do a story laid in New York, say, taken in New York to contrast with all that sand and space and stuff?"

Anne was between Fred and Claude Sparks, the writer. Jane saw that Anne was giving all her attention to the latter, and after dinner it turned out that he too thought she had a lot in the idea of a picture laid in Manhattan. To make it really authentic, it would only take about a week for Freddy and Anne to skip to New York, do background shots, and return to Hollywood.

Two weeks later they departed, it being tacitly understood between the Forresters that Jane didn't care about going East right at that time.

Janie was strangely apprehensive; and when, at one o'clock in the morning, she heard her bedside phone ring, their ultra-private wire, she realized that night after night she had expected this call.

She tried to reassure herself. Five o'clock in the morning in New York. It couldn't be Freddy calling through at that hour. True, he hadn't phoned that afternoon to talk to Fredericka. She found herself half whispering, "Oh, God, please, please!"

But it was, of course, Freddy's voice that came, strangely forced, on the wire to her.

"Janie," he said, "Janie, forgive me phoning now, but I couldn't wait. I—I want that divorce now. It isn't—that is—it isn't as though you and I had a lot in common any longer. I'll see to it that you are very rich and you won't be tied down to Hollywood and—and—hello, Janie" . . . he waited . . . "are you there?"

She had the certain conviction that Anne was near him as he spoke, prompting him.

"Yes, I'm here."

"You see, Jane, you could go over to Paris. You could buy yourself some clothes and there wouldn't be a lot of publicity, and really, Jane, it isn't as though . . ."

She interrupted him:

"Would you give me Fredericka, too?"

When he spoke finally, she knew it wasn't acting that was making his voice so tight.

"I wouldn't take Fredericka away from you, too," he said. "I'm not quite that much of a rat."

She heard herself saying inadequately, "Thank you. I'll wire or telephone you tomorrow what my plans are." She hung up swiftly.

To lie still was impossible, however, so she reached over for her dressing gown of peach velvet and, clothed in it, crossed over to the windows and looked out. The garden was wrapped in the exquisite blue silence of a California night. The great bulk of the foothills was dimly reflected in the swimming pool. Jane stood there for many moments, and finally spoke. "God," she said, "God, I'm not going to be a good sport. I won't give him up!"

But, despite such blasphemy, she didn't know how she proposed to win. She began walking around in the house. There wasn't a piece of furniture anywhere that wasn't associated with Freddy. She entered their drawing room, a room that wasn't any too popular with most of the film colony, except that they always said, the more sensitive ones, "Oh, Jane, how beautiful!"

There, hidden in one corner, was the massive radio that she and Freddy had bought ten years ago with such a feeling of wild success. And standing upon it was one of a pair of George IV wine buckets that she and Freddy had picked up in London on their first trip there. It was now riotously full of plump yellow roses.

Jane stepped through one of the doorways out into the tiny clipped yew garden between the formal planting of cypresses where she and Freddy, when they were being fearfully chi-chi, had outdoor recitals of string music, which she enjoyed and which let Freddy get fine publicity breaks that told how, for all his he-manness on the screen, he was the cultured, cultivated gentleman in his private life. She moved slowly through that into the rose garden. And all the while the nightingales continued to sing and the blue of the sky continued to deepen toward the dawn. She re-entered the house and went up to Fredericka's room.

He had sticks made so she could bat around with him.

The child lay stretched out on her back, with one long white-pajamaed leg escaped from the covers. Jane looked down upon her. There was not one feature of her own reflected in that lovely untouched countenance. It was as though even in bearing him his daughter she had been able only to give him back his own image.

Janie knelt down close to her. "I must find the way," she whispered, "I must find the way." The stars dimmed and delicate bands of orange and violet and green began appearing above the mountains. It was Fredericka stirring gently, to turn in her sleep, that made Janie stand up quickly; and with startled surprise she knew, in that instant, that she had the winning play.

When Fredericka invaded her room an hour later for her routine good-morning kiss, Janie was ready for her.

"Darling," she said, "what do you think? I talked to father last night, and you and I are going to New York to see him."

"Mother, when?"

"This very night; and as we may be gone for a little time, what with father finishing up his picture, I think it would be swell if you had all those everlasting pals of yours up here this afternoon for a swimming party. I shall be very busy packing, you see; but I should like to know also that you are having a good time but are within eyeshot. So start your telephoning now."

She watched while Fredericka dashed delightedly away, then wired Freddy:

FREDERICKA AND I LEAVING CHIEF TONIGHT SAILING ILE DE FRANCE SATURDAY
JANE

It was snowing as they came into Grand Central Station on Saturday morning, soft white flakes drifting crisply downward. She had to gamble that Freddy would be there to meet them, if only for appearance' sake, and she spotted him, tangled in a crowd of autograph hunters, as she stepped off the train. For the only time in her life she was grateful to those human pests who swarmed wherever Freddy stopped, for she realized they would prevent him from showing any but the most conventional emotions. So she spoke rapidly before he had time to do anything more than give her and Fredericka a perfunctory kiss.

"Freddy," she said, while girls with scraps of paper and cards and notebooks waved before him, "since we sail tonight, I thought it wisest if Fredericka and I checked into the Waldorf, on a floor near you, for the few hours we will be here. I've told her nothing, and if it is humanly possible I am going to get her to sleep tonight before midnight and get her on that boat without waking her."

HE was frantically signing his name, not looking at her; but she knew by his profile's tenseness that he was hearing every word she was saying. She felt he, too, was glad to get over the most awkward moment of their meeting in this silly way.

"I don't want to talk details," she went on. "I know how fair you will be about everything. And please don't come to the boat to see us off. I honestly couldn't stand that."

He signed the last of the notebooks, smiled his famous smile at the crowd, nearly got himself clear. "But I haven't had a chance to speak to Fredericka," he said. "Where is she?"

Jane nodded her head to indicate space behind him. "Over there, with the porter, dodging this crowd. I'm sorry, but I think she and I had better go now."

She knew she was being malicious, for she had seen a new crowd bearing down on him, and she left him embedded in it as she made her escape.

That night she sailed on the Ile, and the next morning at noon a bellboy had to ring repeatedly to wake Mr. Forrester sufficiently to give him a note. The note read:

Freddy:
Last night I discovered I could not take Fredericka away from you, no matter what has happened between us. You love each other too much. I am sending her a note from the pier as I send this to you, telling her that you will call her at noon. She is in Suite 915A. Please take good care of her. I love you both always.
JANIE.

Freddy, his eyes still drugged with sleep, had just finished reading the note when his phone rang.

"Daddy darling," said Fredericka, "I have a note from mother, who says she is going to France and that I am to stay right here. Only she said you would call me at twelve o'clock, and it is five minutes after twelve now, and, daddy, I don't understand what has happened. You didn't call me, and, well, daddy . . ."

"I'll explain everything, sweet, in just a moment. I'll be right down there."

The newly joyous lilt in her voice was purest flattery. "Oh, good, daddy! May I please order breakfast over the telephone for us? I'm so hungry!"

“Oh, you poor kid. Of course. I'll be right down, baby.”

He hurled himself into his clothes and dashed out; but three women fans were in the elevator he took, and he had to sign their autograph books and throw his charm about, so that when he got to Fredericka's suite he saw she had indeed ordered breakfast. There was orange juice and cantaloupe and bacon and eggs and about nine varieties of sweet rolls and, most astonishing, chocolate ice cream.

The child threw herself into his arms. “Oh, daddy, I was so frightened and so hungry! But now that you're here it is all right. What are we going to do today? Can we go sight-seeing?”

“Well, you see, Miss Corday is here, baby. She's quite alone in New York. You remember her, don't you?”

“Your new leading lady?”

“Yes, dear. Well, she's here, and a bit lonely, and I'm not quite sure whether she would care very much for sight-seeing.”

The child looked at him from his face, with his eyes.

“Not like to see things? Why not?”

“Well, maybe she would. What do you want to see?”

“That place where they have the rocks and stones and the big old animals. And that fountain where the poor children swim. And to ride around the park in one of those carriages. Could we?”

She beamed at him, smiled his smile.

“Why should I go to any Museum of Natural or Unnatural History?” asked Miss Corday via telephone half an hour later. “Why should I drive around behind a smelly horse? I hate horses.”

“Well, I can't leave a child cooped up over Sunday in a New York hotel.”

The girl gave in first: “Oh, all right, we'll ruin one day. Let's get it over with, get her to bed early, and have ourselves one of those divine dinners you order, shall we, darling?”

The three of them rode uptown in a cab. It was three o'clock. Fredericka, darting about from exhibit to exhibit, made even Anne Corday seem old. They couldn't get her out of the place till five, and then it turned out she was ravenously hungry.

“Now you have to admit this is a completely uncivilized hour to eat, you beautiful brute,” demurred Anne from her corner of the taxicab.

Freddy was sitting in the middle. “Sh-h. Don't call me things like that before Fredericka. She doesn't know.”

“Well, why shouldn't she learn? You are the loveliest thing on earth, but if you think I'm going to dine at six nightly because the facts of life can't be told a child of eleven— When I was eleven . . .”

“Anne, please. Give me a few days. After all, she's a nice child.”

“O. K., but I'm no nursemaid,” said Anne. “Still, I suppose we might as well have dinner.”

THERE was, of course, at that hour not another soul in the Sert Room. Freddy decided against a cocktail, joined his daughter in her order of lamb chops and fresh string beans.

“Did you ever hear of champagne, Fredericka?” Anne asked.

“Oh, yes, Miss Corday. Are you going to have some?”

“That's what I was wondering.”

“Waiter,” said Freddy. “Lanson '26, a pint. I'm not drinking.”

Fredericka tried to keep the air polite. “I like to hear the cork pop,” she remarked.

“If it doesn't wake all the dead in this room,” murmured Anne sweetly.

Freddy proposed a movie after dinner. It was still only nine when they emerged, so there wasn't much to it but for Freddy to say good night to Anne very formally when they dropped her at her hotel. Back at the Waldorf, he had Fredericka moved to a bedroom adjoining his suite.

He didn't realize until morning that that made it impossible for him to phone Anne, and when they met at “21” for a background shot he had Fredericka along—“since it's only a scene, daddy.”

Anne should have looked alluring that day. She had on the black hat he liked best and the diamond clip he had given her pinned close to her lovely throat. But she looked cross. He knew that if he could have kissed her he could have got her laughing again, but there was no chance with Fredericka there. Still, it seemed uncalled-for for Anne to say, when they had walked all too mechanically through the scene, “And now are we having bread and milk for lunch or are we having food?”

Before lunch was over—they had clams Casino and a steak Châteaubriand with sauce Béarnaise and strawberries Romanoff—which should have been enough to put any woman in a good humor, he knew she was a bad-tempered devil.

IT wouldn't have been so bad if, through those two days and the six that followed, Fredericka hadn't kept regarding him with trusting bewilderment.

Finally, Anne flashed into their suite unannounced.

“Get rid of her,” she said, indicating the little girl.

“That's pretty rude. What are you so belligerent about?”

“I said, get rid of her! We've got to talk this thing out.”

Fredericka's eyes met his. “Go into your room, baby, and shut the door. I'll call you when I'm free.”

“Which will probably be very soon,” said Anne, as the door closed. “Which of us are you giving up, her or me?”

“Give up Fredericka after my wife was generous enough to leave her with me?”

Anne gazed at him levelly. It was a distinctly unpleasant look.

“You mean you don't see why she did that?”

Freddy looked down at her. Even at nineteen she was beginning to get a wrinkle between her brows from frowning. “Meaning . . .” he said, and then suddenly began to laugh. He hadn't laughed since he had telephoned Janie in Hollywood, and it felt good to laugh again.

“Well, I'll be darned!” he said. “What a set-up! And what's more, it worked.”

He leaned down and kissed Anne on the tip of her nose.

“We've got to stop acting, Anne. We both fell for our own speeches for a while. But this fearfully real child . . .” He held out his hand to her, helped her to her feet. “This hurts me more than it does you, to admit it, but she makes me realize I'm old enough to be your father, too. And, my pet, I don't feel the least bit paternal about you.” He laughed again, a laugh so true, so free, that the girl, gazing angrily at him, suddenly had to laugh, too.

He kissed her again. “You're a grand guy,” he said. “No wonder I was so fond of you. I think you may have effected a cure. I can tell you as soon as I've put in a phone call.”

Fredericka bounded out of her bedroom into his as he entered. He pulled her close to him as he waited.

“Ready with Paris,” announced the operator.

“Janie,” said Freddy, “that is not static you hear on this wire. It is the curses of a man who has just rediscovered why he loves you. You must think I am the dumbest lug who ever was a husband not to have seen through long before this that trick you put over on me. But I didn't see through it until I got it pointed out to me. So, considering how stupid I am, you had better come back here to guide me. Will you get right on the next boat and come home? And when you arrive, will you let me know why you haven't told me all these years what a fool I've been?”

Janie laughed softly.

“Freddy darling,” she said, “how could I? I've never known!”

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by OLIVER SWIFT

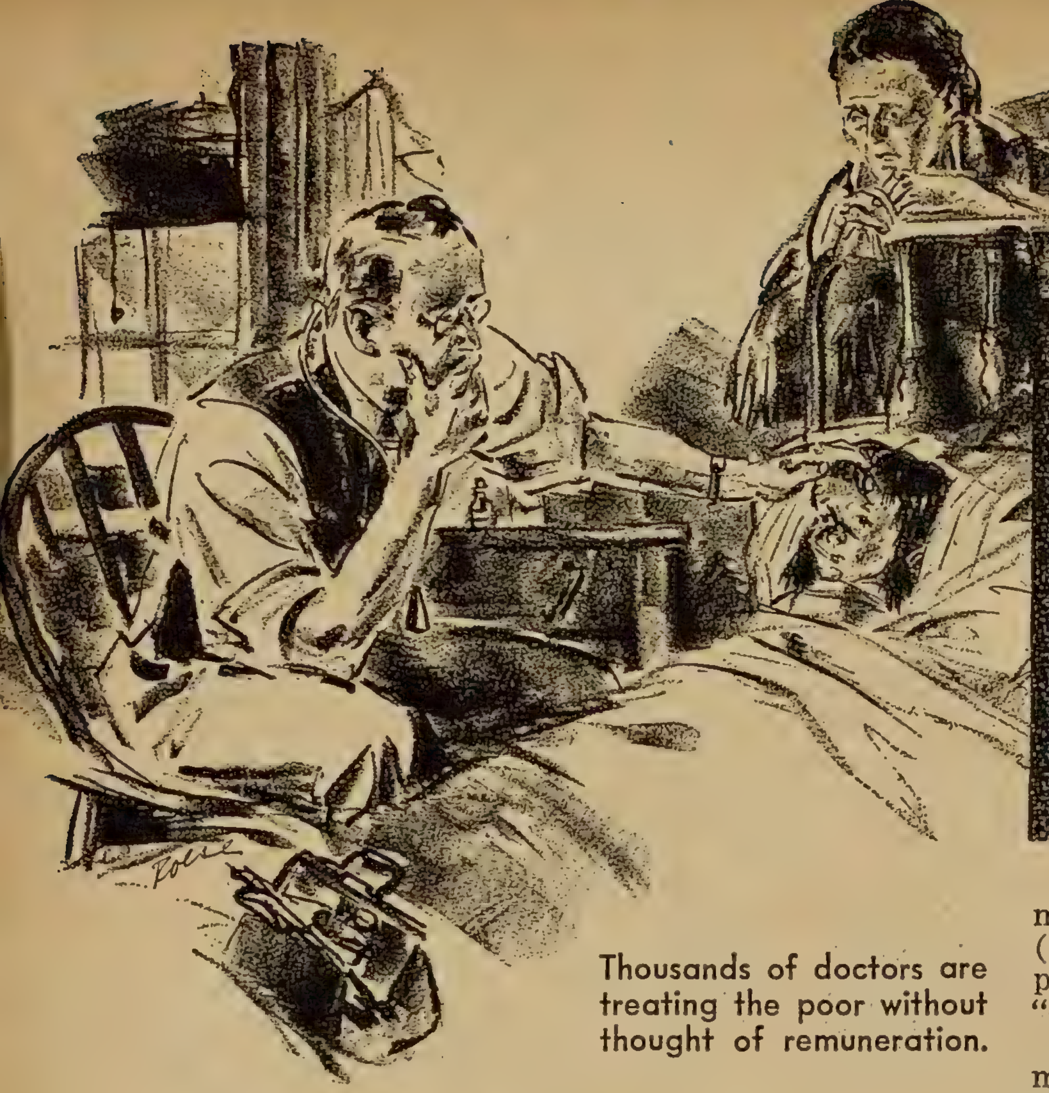
★ ★ NO ANGELS IN HEAVEN by Jesse Lasky, Jr. The Macaulay Company.

A beautiful young woman marries for security and has quite a time correcting her mistake. The characters are etched with the enthusiastic but iron hand of youth and we are permitted to meet a California household such as we hope never to see in the flesh.

A doctor answers Doctors Don't Tell—and speaks up arrestingly about 'ethics'

IF DOCTORS *COULD* TELL

BY DR. "JOHN SALISBURY"



Thousands of doctors are treating the poor without thought of remuneration.

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I DO not quarrel with my anonymous colleague, Dr. "George B. Raymond," for telling what "Doctors Don't Tell." I do not question the specific cases he cites, but I insist that "Raymond" libels his own profession by taking isolated instances of incompetence and misconduct and treating them as if they were the rule.

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover tells us that America leads the world in crime and that a murder takes place in the United States every few seconds. This is undoubtedly true. Yet it would be preposterous if, on the strength of this, some one were to describe us as a nation of murderers. The fact is that very few of us ever see a murder. All of us have experiences with doctors, but very few have the unhappy experiences presented so dramatically by Dr. "Raymond." There may be a small percentage of criminally negligent and criminally incompetent doctors, but they represent the profession no more than the murderers computed by Mr. Hoover represent America.

The percentage of incompetent doctors is small, almost negligible. This percentage would be even smaller if doctors could and would "tell" more often, without being compelled to conceal their identity. (Because of certain dealings of County Medical Societies, I, like Dr. "Raymond," find it advisable to write under a nom de plume. I am told that it is better not to defend my profession, because the County Medical Society considers that organized medicine as such needs no defense. I do not agree. Yet if I spoke out without the society's permission I might be cited before it on the charge of violating "medical ethics." Medical ethics hides a great deal of professional jealousy and professional incompetence; it also hides a great deal of heroism and indefatigable devotion to science.)

There are good doctors, bad doctors, and indifferent doctors, just as there are good, bad, and indifferent actors, editors, engineers, architects, and second-story men! But my experience, which goes back over thirty years, convinces me that, all things considered, the large majority of doctors work longer and harder for smaller material rewards than any other group of men in the world. We have our black sheep, like every profession. It might be possible to eliminate them if the American Medical Association did not dislike the idea of doctors getting too much publicity, except the few who are always writing for the public and feel themselves immune from punishment, or don't care. It is because of this hush-hush policy (inspired, no doubt, by the highest of motives) that the public too readily believes unfavorable stories like Dr. "Raymond's" about doctors.

People are prone to forget the incontestable fact that medicine is not, and cannot be, an exact science. The human body is not a machine but a very complicated living organism. It is surprising not that we make mistakes but that we do not make them more often.

At a recent meeting of a Medical Society, a middle-aged child specialist related the story of a baffling case of appendicitis. I had known him for over twenty-five years. He is not good-looking; his mental equipment is mediocre. He never had the opportunity to serve a long interneship or to take extensive postgraduate courses, but he was determined to be a good doctor, and he succeeded. I had learned in recent years to respect him, having watched some of his cases from the side lines. I have seen him fight for his little patients with complete disregard of his own well-being. I have seen him bring them back from death after a struggle that sapped almost all his strength.

"Johnny," he said, explaining the case of a little boy of four, "was unable to pass water. It was necessary to take him to a hospital, place him under a light anesthesia, and catheterize him to ease his agony. I examined his blood. I studied his genito-urinary system. I resorted to the X-ray. I examined the inside of his bladder with the cystoscope. The result in each case was negative. I found nothing to account for his condition. I finally concluded that it was due to some reflex condition in the lower abdomen. A prominent surgeon whom I consulted agreed with me. So we opened the abdomen and discovered a markedly swollen and diseased appendix. We removed it at once, and the child recovered in a very short time."

I am relating this story to show how necessary it is for any doctor to put apparently unrelated phenomena together before he can make a diagnosis. The action he finally takes may seem extreme to those who are not familiar with all the facts.

No man is infallible. There are times when the best doctor may guess wrong. In this case the doctor did more than guess. He analyzed the case intelligently. If human beings were made like automobiles, with every part in its exact place and functioning according to schedule, any nincompoop could have guessed the boy's trouble and corrected it. But Nature is a queer customer. The physician deals not with a mechanical problem but with a heterogeneous mass of cells which can kick up an unholy rumpus unexpectedly at any time. The clinical picture created by the rumpus may be as perplexing as a modernist painting. This little appendix might have slid into the chest through a diaphragmatic hernia. In that case the boy would have presented a typical picture of pneumonia. Or it might have slithered over to the left side of the abdomen and capriciously hitched itself to another piece of gut, baffling the doctor. For the appendix is supposed to stay in the right lower part of the abdomen, but sometimes it won't.

What I am relating about this doctor and this little appendix may apply to any doctor, or to any hidden organ in the body. And the right kind of doctor (and the majority are the right kind) realizes that he is not only dealing with a complex human body but with a brain. A doctor can be completely balled up by the mental attitude of his patient who, for some psychological reason, exaggerates, minimizes, or ignores important symptoms. The doctor must interpret a case not only from what he is told, which is often misleading, but from what his own examination discloses.

Frederick the Great once said that no physician becomes a good doctor until he has filled one graveyard with patients. That may have been true in the days when the doctor had to rely almost exclusively on his senses. Fortunately the modern physician has numerous mechanical aids. The bacteriological laboratory and the X-ray are valuable assistants.

But all this is not enough to prevent even the most astute of doctors from occasionally making an honest mistake. Nature has a way of creating unpredictable predicaments. Sometimes only the autopsy table will tell the real story. I am reminded of a case in which I was interested as an observer.

A woman of sixty had been suffering from all sorts of vague ailments for months. Being distrustful of doctors, she refused to call in medical aid. Finally a friend, noting that her face was swollen, her eyelids puffed, and her speech curiously dragging, insisted upon calling in a physician. Three of the best diagnosticians were consulted. One distinguished specialist suggested an inflamed kidney, but a urine examination ruled that out. Another specialist, after a very thorough examination, suspected a malignant growth in the abdomen. There was, however, very little to bear out that diagnosis. The third consultant was convinced that the old lady suffered from a serious glandular derangement.

Since the doctors disagreed, she was taken to a hospital for a complete study. Even after weeks of observation, no one could make a definite diagnosis, although it was finally suspected that she was suffering from a rare disease of the bone marrow. Not until she had died was it possible to prove this last guess right. Could any one blame these honest doctors for their wrong diagnoses? Certainly not.

IN the course of my practice I have met innumerable internists, surgeons, and specialists of every description. I am impressed with the fact that most of these men were idealists, attempting to do real, conscientious work in the face of many handicaps. Sometimes the handicap is lack of co-operation on the part of the patient. Of what avail are conscientious instructions if the patient fails to carry them out conscientiously? This happens with special frequency in minor ailments, which are not taken seriously at the time and which, for that very reason, may end in disaster.

A short time ago a patient came to one of my confreres with a severe cold in the head. His temperature was normal, there were few definable symptoms, but the man looked sick. The doctor told him "go home, go to bed, take a cathartic." He also gave him a prescription and asked him to have it filled at once. Did the patient follow the doctor's injunctions? Of course not. Feeling slightly relieved after the consultation, he went to the theater, because he had bought tickets for himself and his wife. After the theater he went to a night club and did not crawl into bed until four o'clock in the morning. A few days later he died of lobar pneumonia. The family damns the doctor to this day. Was it the doctor's fault? The doctor knew that some illness was incubating, but he could not tell what it was. If the patient had gone to bed, he possibly would have recovered.

We doctors receive more undeserved praise and more undeserved blame than any other profession. Why tell the public that Dr. X neglected to take a culture before he removed little Ruth's tonsils? The majority of throat surgeons don't take cultures unless there is a good reason for doing so. But if Ruth had a peculiar heart action, if her throat looked suspicious, almost any surgeon, no matter where he is located, would make sure before operating that the girl did not have diphtheria. Because one doctor did not do so is no reason for thinking that all doctors are criminally negligent. The average throat surgeon will take precautions that are not even suggested by Dr. "Raymond." Before he operates, he will examine the patient to ascertain if he has an enlarged thymus gland, which often causes sudden death under anesthesia. He will determine the coagulation and the bleeding time of the blood, and will carefully examine the urine.

I like to think of the humanistic side of the practice of medicine. I like to think of all the wonderful things that doctors have done, instead of all the horrible mistakes which some have conscientiously made. The mistakes of the doctors are far outnumbered by their achievements. Do not expect too much of them. Doctors are just ordinary men who have decided to make medicine their calling; they are not supermen.

And the study of medicine requires harder concentration and a longer period of study than most branches of knowledge. I like to think of the thousands of doctors who are treating the poor without any thought of remuneration, doctors who sit up night after night at the bedsides of dying patients, doctors who give their knowledge, their vitality, and their time without compensation in dollars and cents. How many doctors on the lower East Side of New York, in the Bronx, and in other parts of the country are wondering where to find the money for the next month's rent? Yet they continue treating worthy patients free of charge with a cheerful smile and an empty pocket.

TWO brothers, friends of mine, are examples of the kind of doctor we like to see in the profession. They are deeply religious and were trained by a strict mother, who said: "My boys, no matter how successful you are, remember that the poor are always with us. Give to them as if their pockets were filled with gold." Their dear mother is dead now, but they have never forgotten. One of them called me in consultation on a surgical case a few years ago. "I am afraid there isn't much money in it," he told me over the phone. I met him in a tenement, up four flights of stairs. Shortly after I arrived he burst in, his arms filled with bundles.

"What have you got there?" I asked.

"Good Lord!" he puffed. "These people haven't anything to eat and there's no clothing for the baby!"

His bundles consisted of meat and groceries and a flannel cover for the baby's bed.

The patient had an acute abdominal condition and my advice was to send her to a charity hospital at once, for an operation.

"I want to send her to your hospital," the doctor said. "How much will it cost? I'll pay the bill and your consultation fee, too. I have lots of patients like these. They are good. They are honest. They pay me back a dollar a week—sometimes."

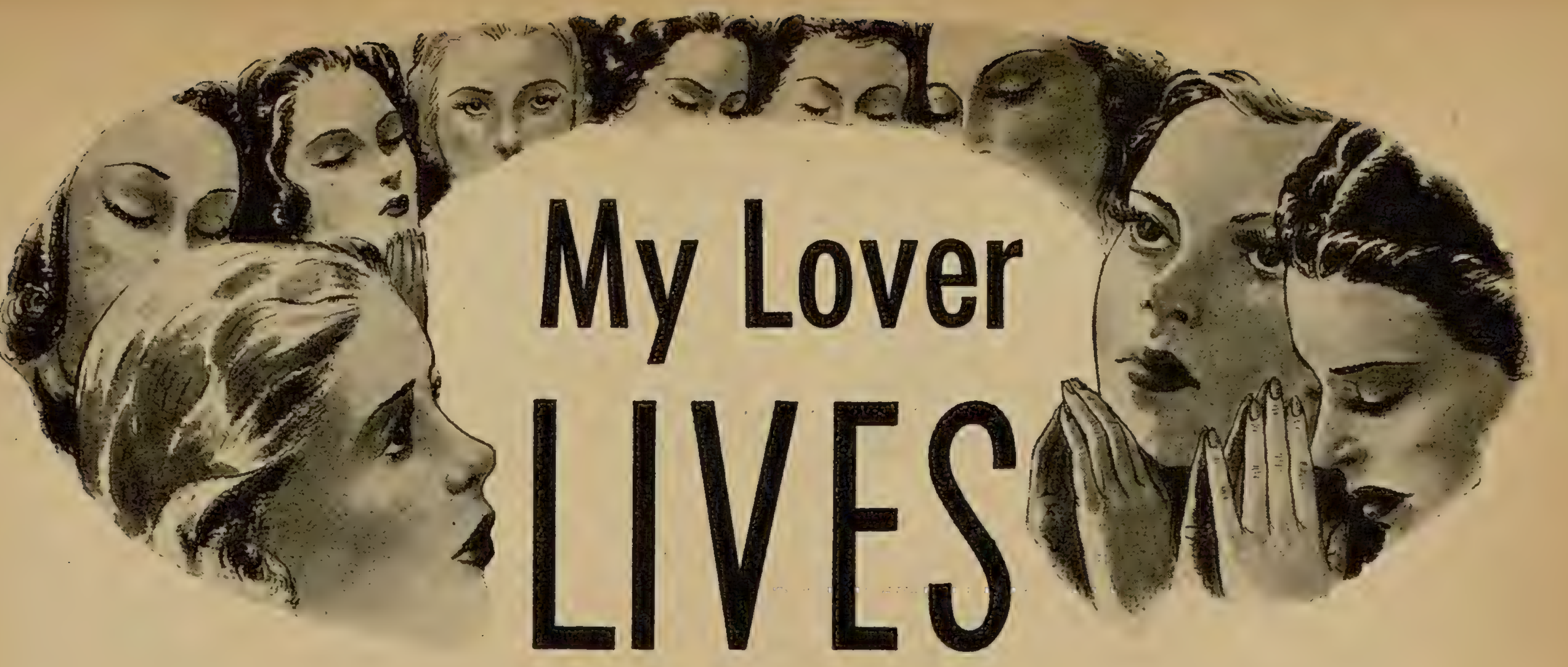
Needless to say, I would not take the consultation fee. The doctor paid the bill at the hospital and I did the operation for nothing. For nothing, did I say? The gratitude of these people was worth more than all the money in the United States Mint.

Although many doctors might not go that far, I feel sure, from my intimate acquaintance with thousands worth knowing, that the majority of them place the interests of the patient above their own. The patient is often less considerate of the doctor. A man may think he can get along without a doctor as long as he is well, but as soon as he gets a bellyache he wants a doctor as fast as one can get there. A great many people who criticize the medical profession when they are well will raise hob if they can't get a doctor when they are sick—even if they have no intention of paying him!

Mudslinging against the medical profession is unfair and gets us nowhere. "The truth shall make us free," but the man who peddles half-truths or partial truths creates merely ill will and confusion.

THE END

My Lover LIVES



Another true story of prayer and its answer: Have you one to tell?

BY ESTELLE CALHOUN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

TOMORROW is my wedding day! And only a year ago I was a discontented, complaining, know-it-all, wise-guy schoolgirl.

I'm only twenty now. And my future husband is not much older. But actually I feel much, much older than twenty. Anyway, I *know* that I matured spiritually, if not physically, during my last year in school.

It was really a lovely school—a combination of high school and junior college in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. But the girls, including myself, all seemed to be in a continuous state of rebellion. We rebelled because our parents had shipped us off to what we foolishly called this Godforsaken spot, and because we never saw any one but ourselves and never went anywhere.

Each girl had a pet grievance—or grievances. Mine was that my parents had caused me to be separated from my boy friend.

Billy Tremble and I had been playmates as far back as I could remember. We had lived next door to each other in a small Southern town. We had played together in the same garden, roller-skated on the same sidewalk, thrilled to the same movies. We had shared our candies and our sodas and, best of all, our thoughts about every conceivable subject.

Mother and father didn't object to Billy. Who could? Mother already regarded him almost as her son. But, you know, we were *so* young! And, like most young people, we were thoroughly indignant at not being allowed to live our own lives the way we wanted to.

And then something happened to change all this: Mother called me on long-distance and told me that Billy was in the hospital, dangerously, perhaps fatally, ill with double pneumonia and pleurisy.

At first I just couldn't believe it. Billy! Why, I had never thought of a world without Billy in it. We hadn't talked a great deal about love and all that; but deep down in our hearts was the knowledge that we belonged to each other now and always.

There would be no future without Billy!

And there was nothing I could do. He was making this desperate fight in a hospital room—and here was I, seven hundred miles away, alone, helpless.

I pleaded with my mother to let me come home.

"The doctors wouldn't let you see him," she said. "They have him under an oxygen tent now. The crisis will be sometime tomorrow. I will let you know everything that is happening. Try to be patient. We are all praying hard for your Billy to get better."

As I hung up, I could hardly see for tears. The other girls tried to comfort me. My despair was so genuine and the cause for it so real that all the petty troubles we were continuously whining about seemed to vanish.

"What are they doing for him?" asked Dot Baker.

"Praying!" I sobbed bitterly.

"That's really not such a bad idea, after all, you know," spoke up Betty Lancaster.

"Oh, Betty," said Dot, "you know it's all the bunk—this praying business."

"Oh, I don't know. I read in a magazine about people who made a business of praying for other people. A group would get together and concentrate on one particular person and pray like the dickens for that person. The magazine was full of letters from folks who said it worked."

"Now, that's an idea!"—and this from our most daring redheaded tomboy, Grace Patch. "Why don't we all get together and concentrate on your Billy's getting better? We could organize our own little prayer group, and just keep praying and praying until God makes him well again. After all, there's no harm trying, and it *might* work."

"I'm not on very good terms with God," sighed Patsy Miller. "I don't know whether He'd even listen to me."

"Sure, He'll listen!" I cried, carried away by anything which might help my Billy. "I know that I would feel a whole lot better if I were doing *something*, and I think that maybe, if more than one of us pray for the same thing, we might get God to do something about it."

And so nine girls in a Southern schoolroom knelt down in a circle and prayed. First we prayed softly to ourselves, but as we gradually became less self-conscious, we found ourselves saying it out loud: "Oh, dear God, please make Billy Tremble get well."

That night I slept more peacefully than I had done for ages.

And when mother telephoned me the next day and told me the crisis was passed, and that Billy was going to get better, I was not as surprised as I had expected to be. That prayer had given me strength I never knew I owned.

And that is not all.

The prayer group that we had organized so stumblingly, so gropingly—in such a might-as-well spirit—turned out to be our greatest joy during the remainder of the term. We met regularly once a week. We had found a source of courage and hope which we felt we would be able to draw on for the rest of our lives.

And for that discovery, O God, we still give thanks!

THE END

If you recall a specific case in which a prayer of yours has been answered, write us about it. We shall be glad to receive and, if possible, to print your experience.

The INQUISITION

For liberals wit
survey of on

IN the role of spectator, I have sat through hearings of the National Labor Relations Board and have witnessed such scenes as few Americans would believe could take place under the flag of freedom.

Employers of labor, citizens of the United States, have been haled before an "Examiner" appointed by the Labor Board, and subjected to treatment that suggests the inquisitions of the Middle Ages.

Scenes such as those which have passed before my own eyes have been further confirmed by examination of the records of various Labor Board cases. All obviously came out of the same mold. These hearings go forward on the presumption that the accused is guilty until he proves himself innocent. Examiners, supposedly in pursuit of the facts, play the roles of prosecutor, jury, and judge. They have admitted the vaguest of hearsay evidence when presented by the one side, and have refused to summon witnesses for the other. In one case the right to question the credibility of a witness known to be a criminal has been denied.

Throughout my entire public career I have championed every just cause of labor. I believe that collective bargaining is a modern necessity and that unions have a high and important part to play in our national life. I am not opposed to the Wagner Act in so far as it does justice to labor. I am opposed to it when it becomes a partisan for one group of labor and ignores entirely the rights of other groups. I am opposed to it when it makes itself the advocate of some special group of workers in its relation to the employer, and so arrays class against class.

I went to one of these hearings, which was held in the United States post-office building of Steubenville, Ohio. In West Virginia, across the Ohio River from Steubenville, a generation ago, the Weirton Steel Company had set up a manufacturing plant on the rolling hills, and in the end 12,000 people had found jobs with it and had come to earn minimum wages of five dollars a day, maximums that run up to fifty dollars a day, and an average of ninety-two cents an hour, with forty-two hours work in a week.

The C. I. O. had attempted to organize the workers at Weirton, but from all indications had succeeded in winning over only a small minority. But the C. I. O. claimed before the Labor Board that 279 men had been discharged because they were members of its organization. The company replied that eighty-three of these men were still on the pay roll, that twenty-two of them had never been on it, that sixty-eight had been transferred, and that thirteen had refused jobs. Despite all of this, the C. I. O. insisted that under the Wagner Act it should be consulted when men were hired or fired.

The methods followed by this judge, I was later to learn, were identical with those of numbers of other Examiners operating under the auspices of the Labor Board. Unique as these points of view were, they must have come from the same source.

A witness of foreign birth, not yet very far along toward Americanization, who was testifying against the accused company, had admitted that he was not a citizen of the United States. A company attorney asked if he was lawfully in this country. A government attorney objected, holding that having broken an immigration law did not affect the credibility of the witness. The Examiner sustained the objection. Another witness of foreign origin appeared, and a company attorney asked if he were the man of the same name who had been arrested for criminal assault. That was his private business, he said, and refused to answer. The Examiner sustained him.

THE government lawyers in many cases sit at the counsel table with representatives of the C. I. O. Members of the two groups confer constantly. Together they present many objections. These are almost universally sustained by the Trial Examiner. Objections of the other side are as regularly overruled. The record at one of these hearings discloses that the government and C. I. O. attorneys were sustained in their objections 498 times to the company attorneys' twenty-three times. It proved next to impossible to get evidence into the record that was not favorable to the complaining C. I. O.

In one case the defendant was the Electric Boat Company of Connecticut, which builds submarines for the Navy. A poll was said to have shown that 72 per cent of its employees belonged to unions other than affiliates of the C. I. O., despite which fact that organization was demanding exclusive bargaining rights. This being refused, its members began a sit-down strike, were discharged, arrested for trespassing, tried, and convicted. They thereupon appealed to the Labor Board for reinstatement and a hearing was ordered. I quote:

"I would like the record to show—" began the attorney for the Electric Boat Company.

"The record does not have to show anything," the Examiner interjected.

"This is most extraordinary," began the lawyer.

"Shut up!" roared the Examiner.

This happened in the face of the fact that the rules drafted by the Labor Board itself provided that any objection to the conduct of the hearing shall be included in its record. Such a practice is necessary so that the Appellate Court reviewing the proceeding may have before it a complete record of what happened.

Another case was that of the National Electric Products Corporation of Pittsburgh. The independent union of its employees, after the passage of the Wagner Act, had gone over to the American Federation of Labor. It had gone into Federal Court and obtained an order requiring National Electric to observe the contract signed with it.

The C. I. O. insisted that collective bargaining should be with its representatives, despite the contract and United States Court order. There followed a violent strike. Then came appeal to the Labor Board, which ordered the company to deal with the C. I. O. Thus the company had contradictory orders, one from the court and one from the Labor Board. The Board was experimentally flouting the Federal Court.

When the company failed to carry out its orders, the Labor Board called

COMES *to* AMERICA

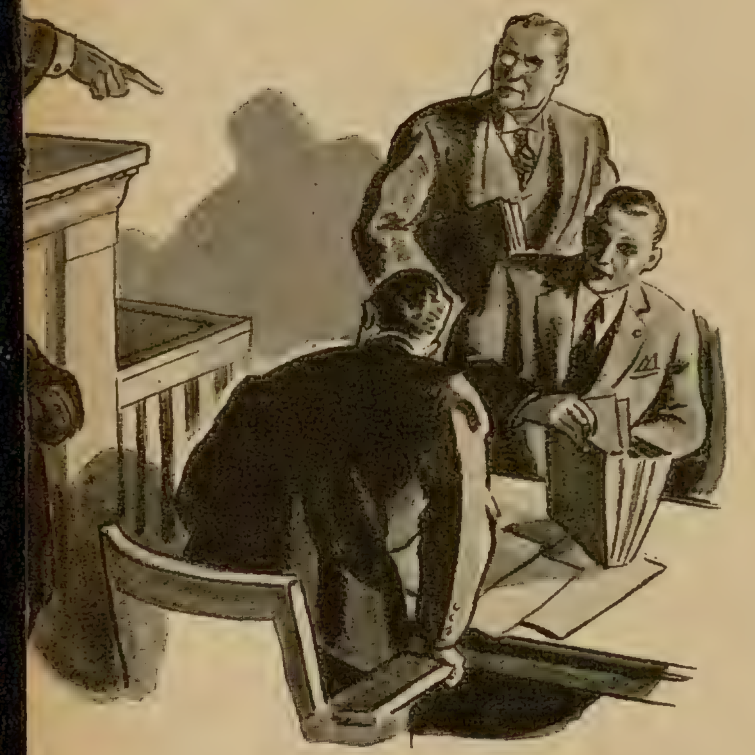
common sense—A challenging New Deal tribunal and its ways

By Senator

H. STYLES BRIDGES

of New Hampshire

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS



a hearing and instituted an inquisition. So intolerable was the attitude of the Examiner that representatives of the company refused to go further and left the hearing.

The hearing was not resumed. Belatedly the Labor Board ordered an election to determine which union was in the majority, and the American Federation of Labor won.

THE Fansteel Metallurgical Corporation of Chicago had sit-down troubles. The sheriff arrested and the courts convicted the troublemakers. The C. I. O. asked their reinstatement and the payment of $70,000 back wages to them. Tilford E. Dudley, a youngster out of law school in 1931 who had worked for the Resettlement Administration in Washington, sat in judgment as the Trial Examiner. Fansteel attorneys were refused subpoenas for witnesses, and evidence submitted in behalf of the C. I. O. was admitted, while similar evidence on the company's side was barred. Attempts to require the C. I. O. to show the number of employees it had in the plant, a majority being required before the company, under the law, must deal with it exclusively, were blocked. The C. I. O. never revealed its membership.

In the case against Inland Steel of Chicago, brought as usual by the C. I. O., the Examiner arbitrarily instructed the official reporter to strike one bit of evidence after another from the record, when to transcribe and when not, what to substitute for language actually used.

This being an open meeting which anybody had a right to record, Inland brought its own reporter. The Examiner immediately attempted to assume the same authority over him.

"I instruct you specifically," he said in open court, "that when the Trial Examiner says 'Off the record' you are not to transcribe."

"The reporter is under instructions from us," ventured the Inland attorney, "to transcribe everything, and he will not desist nor withdraw until he is compelled to."

"Mr. Reporter," stormed the Trial Examiner, "do you intend to take these instructions or mine?"

"Inasmuch as this is a public hearing," the reporter replied, "I intend to take what is said."

"Mr. Reporter, may I request you to leave the place."

"I am not going to leave, your Honor."

"You will leave. Officer, do your duty," the Examiner ordered, and the bailiff led the reporter, followed by the company attorneys, from the chamber.

The cases I have cited appear to be typical. I feel sure that I have no prejudice in this matter. My record gives plenty of evidence of my friendliness toward labor. It was while I was Governor of New Hampshire and before the Federal Social Security Act was passed that we enacted an unemployment law. Ours was the first state to qualify under the federal law. And I had the honor of signing the document which brought into existence the first interstate compact—one between various New England states—for the improvement of the conditions of labor.

I think I have a right to assert that no man will go further than I in the interest of the well-being of the workingman. I am convinced, however, that there is something wrong, frightfully wrong, in the set-up of the National Labor Relations Board. The peculiar inquisitory methods of its Trial Examiners are so nearly identical wherever they appear that there seems to be no question but that they come from a common source, some authority hidden behind the scenes.

I have taken the back track in an attempt to find out who this master mind is.

The most obvious procedure, of course, was to make a study of the three members of the Board, who, under the authority of the Wagner Act, administer it.

This I have done, and my investigations lead to the conclusion that these gentlemen do not embody individually or collectively that underlying all-pervading principle which seems to guide the Board and its Examiners in their practical administration of the Wagner Act. So I have gone further, and I believe that I have found the answer.

The master mind of the Labor Board is one David Joseph Saposs, whose title is that of Industrial Economist. He is the informed professional radical laborite of the Board. He was born in Russia and has been an indefatigable radical propagandist in the United States for many years. He was sponsored by Madam Perkins, going to the Board from her immediate staff. He is a friend and associate of C. I. O. leaders Sidney Hillman, Clinton Golden, and others.

Today this radical Russian, of the New York garment trade union, is probably the most influential factor in the nation in guiding the destinies of labor relations in its many industries.

The Labor Board, in its reports, has shown that its Division of Economic Research, of which Saposs is chief, is a mainspring of the organization. Above all else, it works closely with the Trial Examiners and the Board attorneys in the field.

SAPOSS was instructor in the Rand School, which during the World War the federal government attacked. He was resident faculty member and secretary of the Brookwood Labor College, which displayed pictures of Marx, Lenin, and Trotsky on its walls. Each of these schools received money from the notorious Garland Fund, of which Hillman, Golden, William Z. Foster, and other C. I. O. leaders were directors. Golden is now a director of C. I. O. activities in the steel industry.

Saposs' books and pamphlets are numerous. Many of them are put out by the International Publishers, who issue Communistic literature, and are used as texts in the various radical schools. He was in Madam Perkins' Bureau of Labor Statistics before he secured his appointment to the Board, which was first announced publicly in a small government publication some time after he went on the pay roll.

Since the opening of Congress there have been various proposals made looking to a full inquiry into Board activities. Thus has a dramatic and quite unusual situation developed.

I think that it becomes obvious to any American that this is not the type of federal institution that should be tolerated.

If its attitude and acts turn out to be what they seem, I believe the public will demand and Congress surely will provide means whereby these inquisitorial methods will be replaced by others that are more in harmony with the spirit of the United States.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

THIS lady specializes in the art of feeding people who fly. Hailing originally from Baltimore—a city celebrated, as you know, for its fine American cooking—Pearl Metzelthin is a nutrition expert of world-wide experience, has worked in research fields through Europe and the Orient, and recently has flown ninety thousand miles on American Airlines planes, planning perfect meals for American air travelers. . . . Here are some of the facts she told me about eating and drinking on the wing:

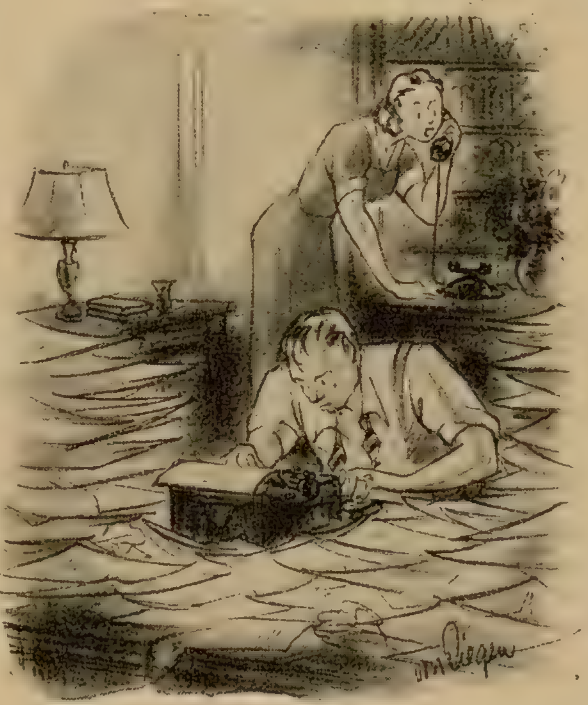
Food is prepared at twenty-two American Airlines airports; menus are changed six days a week; and dishes are packed in hot pads which disappear rapidly, being appropriated by flying mothers, who snitch them to use as tummy warmers for their babies. . . . No cabbage, turnips, onions, cucumbers, fish, or radishes are served in the air. Too smelly or indigestible. Roast beef is impractical because some passengers want it rare while others demand it well done. . . . Baby food is supplied on twenty-four hours' notice. Babies are good air sailors; a six-weeks-old infant has made a long flight alone, in the care of the plane's stewardess.

Elderly people also take to flying easily. An old gentleman of eighty-two took his first flight recently from his home in El Paso to a Philadelphia hospital—crossing the same territory he had traversed eighty years ago as a child of pioneer settlers venturing westward in a covered wagon. "In the air," says Pearl Metzelthin, "he ate everything on the menu except the cheese."

Wise air passengers try not to board a plane in a hurried, nervous condition. That's what upsets the flying stomach—if you know what I mean. They also avoid liquor before an air trip, because the effects of alcohol last twice as long in high altitudes. It is best not to eat ice cream or drink charged water while flying, Mrs. Metzelthin advises. Take something hot with every meal in the air, she tells us.

☆ Dog wool is the subject of an interesting letter from Nancy O. Wetterstrom of Nakusp, British Columbia, a Canadian town some two hundred and fifty miles northeast of Seattle. . . . "I raise St. Bernards," she writes. "My sister has a spinning wheel. We comb the dogs; wash the wool; then spin it and knit it into trimming for socks, scarves, mittens, etc. Since dog wool is shorter than sheep wool, it looks more like fur trim. You couldn't get enough from such short-haired pets as terriers or dachshunds, but the longer-haired breeds give fine wool." . . . Miss Wetterstrom concludes with a note of warning: "Be sure to wash the wool thoroughly, especially if you're going to wear socks trimmed with it. Otherwise you might be embarrassed by a pack of dogs sniffing at your ankles. . . ."

☆ Glad to receive the following letter from Caryl Agnew of Los Angeles; she gives me an opportunity to get a heartfelt opinion off my chest. . . . . "Is there any short cut," she asks, "by which a busy girl can keep up with required reading? To carry on intelligent conversation, or even to get away with fairly smart small talk, we need some knowledge of current literature, of world events, art, music, drama, movies, etc. Yet our working hours, together with our necessity for outdoor exercise and for social contacts, limit most girls' reading to not more than a couple of books a week."



"I'm sorry we can't make your cocktail party, dear. George is wrapped up in one of his Short Short stories."

Read a good Sunday newspaper. Read the book reviews, the dramatic section, the art columns, politics, sports, and finance. Read your Sunday paper from cover to cover. Do not neglect the advertisements. They keep you in touch with present-day standards of living, with popular merchandise and market prices. Don't permit any highbrow to tell you your Sunday newspaper isn't your liveliest and most realistic medium of continuative education.

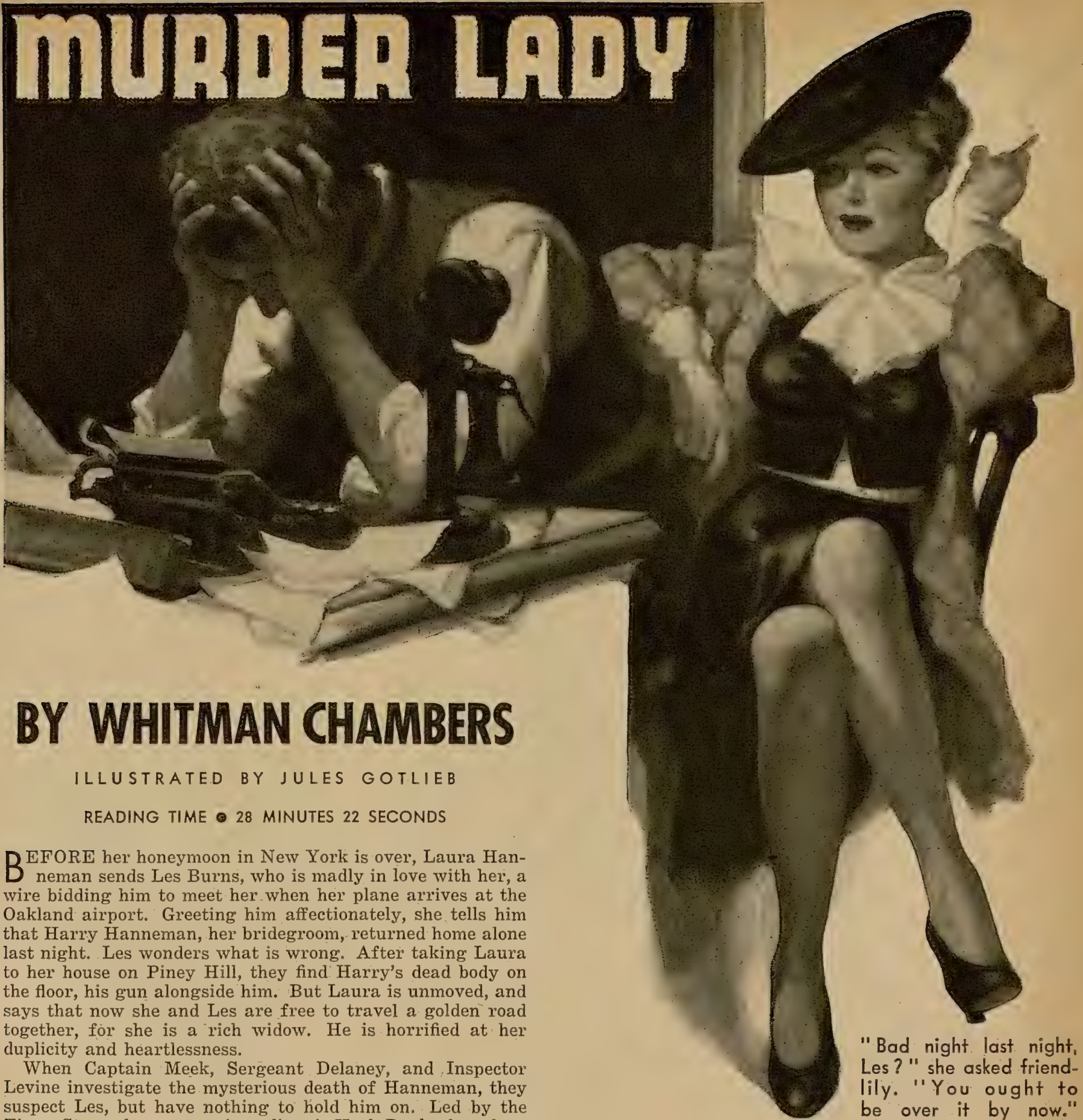
When I travel abroad I feel ignorant every Sunday morning. I feel cut off from civilization without my great big messy all-informative Sunday newspapers. Nowhere in the world are there any papers as free-spoken and full-told as ours. Read them with respect. . . . Of course you must also read Liberty every week. That goes without saying. Everybody knows that!

☆ When sixty-eight expectant mothers arrived for a maternity lecture at the Woman's National Exposition—a sort of feminine world's fair annually held in New York—all available chairs were occupied by newspaper girls having a lunch conference. Somebody whispered the situation. Whereupon a parade of such famous lady journalists as Kathleen McLaughlin, Alice Hughes, Emma Bugbee, et al., left the table, each newspaper gal picking up her chair and carrying it off to an expectant mother. Not an important scene—but odd!

☆ It's fun to be told what our dreams mean, whether or not we believe in their mystic or scientific portent. For fun's sake I recommend Edward Frank Allen's new book, The Complete Book of Dreams. (Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.)

☆ What the fashion philosophers are saying now amounts almost to heresy. They are actually telling us that new clothes cramp our style! Of course they don't want us to think we shouldn't buy new clothes—they're just trying to teach us that brand-new dresses ought to be worn first at home. Better not step out in your new dress, they advise, until you get used to it. Otherwise you may fidget with the sleeves, the belt, the collar—and a fidgety lady is never as charming as one who feels at ease in her clothes. . . . Wear a new dress for the very first time, say the fashion counselors, when you are all alone. Wear it a second time in the bosom of your family. Only after two such tryouts, they say, can you expect to be your own attractive self.

MURDER LADY



"Bad night last night, Les?" she asked friendlily. "You ought to be over it by now."

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

BEFORE her honeymoon in New York is over, Laura Hanneman sends Les Burns, who is madly in love with her, a wire bidding him to meet her when her plane arrives at the Oakland airport. Greeting him affectionately, she tells him that Harry Hanneman, her bridegroom, returned home alone last night. Les wonders what is wrong. After taking Laura to her house on Piney Hill, they find Harry's dead body on the floor, his gun alongside him. But Laura is unmoved, and says that now she and Les are free to travel a golden road together, for she is a rich widow. He is horrified at her duplicity and heartlessness.

When Captain Meek, Sergeant Delaney, and Inspector Levine investigate the mysterious death of Hanneman, they suspect Les, but have nothing to hold him on. Led by the Times-Star, whose managing editor is Hack Doyle, for whom both Laura and Les have worked, the newspapers strongly support the theory of suicide.

Hanneman had been running for Congress against Stacey Moise, a shyster lawyer. Moise hires and fires Jake O'Hara as his publicity man on account of drunkenness. Offered the job, Les takes it, but stipulates that his friend Jake must receive the salary for the present. Les especially wants to relieve the mind of June Taylor, who loves Jake and hopes to cure him of his dipsomania. But Jake is jealous of Les, they fight, and the latter breaks the jaw of his ungrateful friend.

Next day, Captain Meek grills Les, to no effect. Then Laura insists that Les introduce her to Moise so that she may have legal counsel in settling her estate. Futilely, Les objects. Meanwhile Laura has decided to live in the house where her husband died so tragically. This particular night she begs Les to keep her company. He refuses. A phone call from Hack Doyle urges Les to stop in at his home to hear a bit of news that will seriously affect his life.

PART FIVE—"I WOULDN'T TRUST A BLONDE"

FROM behind the closed door of the operating room I heard a low hissing, and I realized they were giving her oxygen. Well, it was probably too late for oxygen. She was dying. I'd known it all the time.

Sergeant Delaney said: "Not so good, eh, Joe?"

Inspector Levine replied: "The poor dame never had a chance. I knew that soon's I looked at her."

I slumped on the seat between them . . . waiting . . . and thinking. . . .

THAT night, the first after Laura and I had found the body of her husband, I left her alone in the big house on Piney Hill and walked up the street to Hack Doyle's. Mimi and Alyce Campbell were in the living room.

Mimi Doyle said, when she let me in:

"Laura must be nuts, staying over there all by herself. What's got into her?"

I didn't feel like talking about it. "Where's Hack?"

New thrills in a flaming novel of human hearts in a desperate, tragic tangle

"I suppose she's gone high-hat on us," Mimi pursued.

"Gone!" Alyce Campbell sneered. "She's always been high-hat. And now that she's going to get all that money from Harry's estate—"

"Where's Hack?" I demanded.

"Where do you think he is?" Mimi countered.

I went out to the kitchen and found Hack and Red Campbell mixing a drink.

"Well, what's the angle?" I asked.

"Gin fizz?" Hack suggested.

"No. I've been drinking all day. What's the angle?"

Hack poured out two fizzes. Campbell, ready with the seltzer, filled the glasses. He picked up one of them and started to drink. Hack weighed the other glass.

"Red has dug up some interesting information," Doyle said finally. "We thought you ought to know. Tell him about it, Red."

"Well, Les," Campbell said heavily, "it looks as though you're in for a bad time at the inquest tomorrow."

"Now, look. If you're going to tell me Jake O'Hara plans to testify that he saw me out here on Thursday night, it isn't news. I know all about it and I'm not even interested. What else have you got on your minds?"

Campbell looked hurt. "Not a thing," he said stiffly.

"Now, wait a minute," Hack Doyle interposed. "Meek seems bound and determined that Harry didn't kill himself. What evidence he has, I don't know. But he must have something more than mere conjecture to go on. More, for instance, than the suspicions of a screwball like Jake O'Hara. Now, naturally, he hasn't a chance in the world of hanging that killing on you, Les. On the other hand, if he wants to, he can make it plenty tough for you. He can put you under a cloud that might never blow away. What are you going to do about it?"

I laughed. "You talk as though I had some say in the matter."

"You have."

"In what way?"

"Well, you can keep from antagonizing him."

"Maybe I like to antagonize him."

Hack looked at Campbell, shook his head. "Were you out here Thursday night?" he asked quietly.

"You know damned well I wasn't."

Hack sighed. "You can't do yourself any good by antagonizing the police and slapping around an old man like Meek."

"Slapping—around—" I gasped. "Well, that stops me! Where'd you get this bit of folklore?"

"The fellows in the press room got it from Joe Levine. Joe says you took a poke at Meek because he made some crack about you and June Taylor."

"Joe Levine says that, huh? Oke. Then I say those press-room reporters are a pretty sick bunch of cubs. And that goes for you too, Red. You verified the story with Meek, I suppose?"

"We haven't been able to get hold of Meek."

"No? Then why don't you ask me where he is, or at least where he was earlier this evening? Well, I'll tell you. He was in the Merritt Hospital. What do you think of that?"

"I think, if it's true," Hack said promptly, "you're as crazy as Jake O'Hara."

"Check on it and find out for yourself," I said, and walked out on them.

THE inquest was held in a drab room at the county morgue. Laura and I went in together. She was quiet this morning, subdued, plainly dressed. I suspected she was as nearly frightened as she'd ever be.

There were only a handful of spectators and we sat down among them. Around a large deal table at one end of the room were the coroner, the District Attorney, and Captain Meek.

Then, glancing around the room, I saw Jake O'Hara. He was sitting off in a corner by himself, looking white and sick and sullen. I got up and went over.

"Well, Jake," I said.

He stared straight ahead, his bloodshot eyes half closed.

"I'm sorry about your jaw," I began again.

Still he wouldn't look at me.

I turned around and went back to Laura.

"It serves you right," she said in a low tone. "Why try to apologize to scum like that?"

"Jake isn't scum," I said. "Jake— Oh, maybe he is. I'll know better in a little while."

SEVERAL reporters, none of them from the press room, drifted in. The inquest finally got under way with the casual swearing of the jurors by the coroner.

The medical examiner was the first witness. Under the questioning of the coroner, he testified to the time of death—Thursday evening; and the cause—a gunshot wound in the heart. No, there were no powder burns on the clothing of the deceased.

"In your opinion, doctor, could Harry Hanneman have shot himself?"

"He could have, yes," the doctor admitted, "provided he held the gun a considerable distance from his chest."

"How far, would you say?"

"Perhaps twelve inches."

The coroner picked up Harry's .38 from the table. "I hand you this gun, which was found beside the body with one exploded cartridge. Please show the jury how Hanneman would have had to hold the gun in order to have shot himself without leaving powder marks."

The doctor, showing the jury, looked pretty awkward. I glanced at Laura. She wasn't looking at the demonstration; she didn't seem to be listening.

Her eyes were on her hands, which moved restlessly in her lap. A tear, so large it looked like the fake ones in the movies, rolled down her white cheek.

That's it, baby. Turn it on for the boys.

The doctor stepped down and the coroner called Laura. She stood up, brushed away the big tear, which hadn't quite reached her chin. As she walked up to the witness chair, she was a perfect picture of deep grief held under tight control.

The coroner swore her in and then said contritely:

"Mrs. Hanneman, I'm sorry to be forced to subject you to an ordeal like this. Being a newspaperwoman, however, you realize I have no choice in the matter. Now will you please tell the jury the circumstances under which you found the body of your husband?"

She used her natural voice, which was just husky enough to sound grief-stricken to the dumb bums on the coroner's jury. She told them how she had wired me to meet her, because she had wanted to surprise her husband, and how we had walked in on Harry's body.

The coroner looked at the D. A. and the D. A. shook his head.

"That will be all, Mrs. Hanneman. Thank you."

As simple as that.

Laura came back and sat down beside me. She dabbed at her eyes, though I suspected they were dry, and sat twisting her handkerchief. Any one watching her would never guess the relief I knew she must be feeling.

Not even a question about Harry's reason for killing himself. Pretty soft for you, beautiful.

"Captain Meek, please take the witness chair."

Meek, with a little prompting, told how he had gone out with Levine and Delaney on the run. He described the position of the body and the location of the gun beside it. He mentioned also the bottle and the lone whisky glass on the coffee table.

"Now, captain, what first aroused your suspicion that Hanneman might not have killed himself?"

"The fact that there were no powder marks on the man's shirt," Meek explained in a tone which said anybody should know the answer to that one.

"And what is the first thing you did to confirm your suspicions?"

"I examined the gun and, later, the whisky glass for fingerprints."

"And what did you find?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing. The gun and the glass were as clean as a whistle."

"And your conclusion?"

Again in the tone of explaining the obvious to a rather dumb child: "Why, the glass and the gun were carefully wiped off before the police got there."

"That will be all, captain."

Meek stepped from the witness chair and went back to his seat between the D. A. and the coroner. The latter called my name. He had, until this moment, been casual and not unfriendly in his examination; and the jury was almost asleep.

Now, all at once, his face was hard, and there was tension in the room, and the jurors sat up straighter. A murmur went over the handful of morbid spectators. I didn't catch a word as I walked to the witness chair, but I knew what they were saying: *"The other man!"*

I SAT down in the witness chair with cold water trickling down my spine. My stomach was in a tight painful knot and I could feel the pulses throbbing on each side of my forehead. My hands were taut and jumpy; I clasped them in my lap and waited.

The coroner whispered with Meek for a moment and then turned and whispered to Earl Quinn, the D. A. Quinn, an up-and-coming young politician with his eye on the governorship, rose quietly.

He had the typical courtroom manner: *All right, Mr. Witness; everybody knows you're the biggest liar in twenty-seven counties; what kind of bilge are you going to hand out today?*

The coroner stood up, swore me, and sat down again.

"Now, Mr. Burns," Earl Quinn said suavely, with that contemptuous smile lingering at the corners of his lips. "Suppose *you* tell us what happened Friday evening from the time you met Mrs. Hanneman at the airport until—well, just go on until I stop you."

He let me go on until he had me safely in bed—though I skipped plenty, at that.

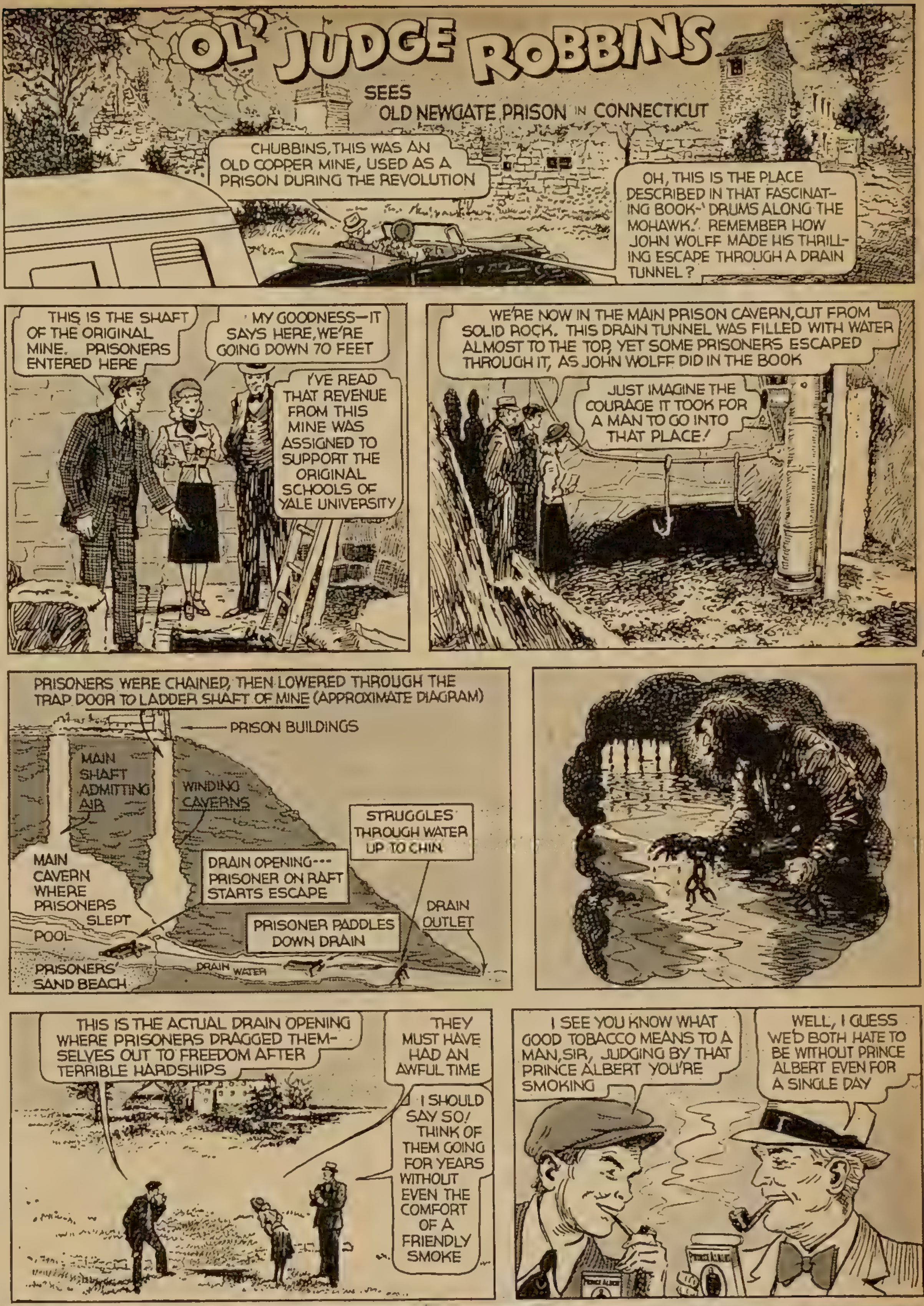
"Mr. Burns, when you first saw the body of Harry Hanneman, did you too get the idea that he had been murdered?"

"What do you mean, me *too?*"

Quinn's lingering smile went away. "Haven't you just heard Captain Meek's testimony?" he demanded.

"Sorry. I wasn't listening."

"Oh, you weren't listening!" His voice sounded nasty now, and that was quite all right with me. "Mr. Burns, were you in or near the home of Harry Hanneman at any time on


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
SEES
OLD NEWGATE PRISON IN CONNECTICUT
CHUBBINS, THIS WAS AN OLD COPPER MINE, USED AS A PRISON DURING THE REVOLUTION
OH, THIS IS THE PLACE DESCRIBED IN THAT FASCINATING BOOK-"DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK." REMEMBER HOW JOHN WOLFF MADE HIS THRILLING ESCAPE THROUGH A DRAIN TUNNEL?
THIS IS THE SHAFT OF THE ORIGINAL MINE. PRISONERS ENTERED HERE
MY GOODNESS—IT SAYS HERE, WE'RE GOING DOWN 70 FEET
I'VE READ THAT REVENUE FROM THIS MINE WAS ASSIGNED TO SUPPORT THE ORIGINAL SCHOOLS OF YALE UNIVERSITY
WE'RE NOW IN THE MAIN PRISON CAVERN, CUT FROM SOLID ROCK. THIS DRAIN TUNNEL WAS FILLED WITH WATER ALMOST TO THE TOP, YET SOME PRISONERS ESCAPED THROUGH IT, AS JOHN WOLFF DID IN THE BOOK
JUST IMAGINE THE COURAGE IT TOOK FOR A MAN TO GO INTO THAT PLACE!
PRISONERS WERE CHAINED, THEN LOWERED THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR TO LADDER SHAFT OF MINE (APPROXIMATE DIAGRAM)
PRISON BUILDINGS
MAIN SHAFT ADMITTING AIR
WINDING CAVERNS
STRUGGLES THROUGH WATER UP TO CHIN
MAIN CAVERN WHERE PRISONERS SLEPT
DRAIN OPENING---PRISONER ON RAFT STARTS ESCAPE
DRAIN OUTLET
POOL
PRISONER PADDLES DOWN DRAIN
PRISONERS' SAND BEACH
DRAIN WATER
THIS IS THE ACTUAL DRAIN OPENING WHERE PRISONERS DRAGGED THEMSELVES OUT TO FREEDOM AFTER TERRIBLE HARDSHIPS
THEY MUST HAVE HAD AN AWFUL TIME
I SHOULD SAY SO! THINK OF THEM GOING FOR YEARS WITHOUT EVEN THE COMFORT OF A FRIENDLY SMOKE
I SEE YOU KNOW WHAT GOOD TOBACCO MEANS TO A MAN, SIR, JUDGING BY THAT PRINCE ALBERT YOU'RE SMOKING
WELL, I GUESS WE'D BOTH HATE TO BE WITHOUT PRINCE ALBERT EVEN FOR A SINGLE DAY

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Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, smooth, fresher skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

Thursday night, the night on which the medical examiner has testified Mr. Hanneman met his death?"

In the moment's silence after that question my pulse seemed to be throbbing loudly enough to be heard all over town. I looked at Jake O'Hara, sitting white and sullen in the back of the room. I said casually:

"Yes, I was."

He looked as surprised as though I had jumped out of the chair and slapped his face.

The jury, sensing the unexpected, perked up. Quinn sputtered:

"You were at the Hanneman home on last Thursday evening?"

"I said I was."

"Under what circumstances, Mr. Burns?" he snapped.

"I knew that Hanneman was due home on that evening. At about eleven o'clock, after a game of pinochle in the City Hall press room, I drove out there to see him."

"Did you see Hanneman?"

"I rang the bell, but there was no answer, so I decided he'd stayed longer in New York than he'd planned."

"Didn't you go in?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor try the door?"

"No. Why should I? I rang the bell. There was no answer and I assumed there was no one in the house. So I went home and went to bed."

QUINN was on the ropes. Meek clutched at Quinn's arm, whispered something. And Quinn appeared to get his second wind.

"Now, Mr. Burns, when you called at the Hanneman home on Thursday night, did you or did you not observe that a light was burning in the house?"

"A light was burning in the living room and, I believe, in the kitchen and dining room."

"Ah. And you ask these gentlemen of the coroner's jury to believe that you saw the house all lit up and did not investigate?"

"Listen, Mr. Quinn. I don't give a rap what these gentlemen believe. I'm merely telling them what I saw and what I did."

"But those lights—"

"I presumed they were left burning by Mr. Hanneman himself when, a week before, he rushed out of the house with his bride to catch the plane for New York. Now, should I have worried myself about Harry Hanneman's electric bill?"

A titter ran around the room and Earl Quinn snapped:

"You may step down, Mr. Burns."

Laura and I left the inquest without waiting for the jury's verdict.

"Will you drive me over to the Times office?" Laura asked. "There's some correspondence piled up I ought to answer."

"You're not going back to work so soon, are you?"

"No; they're personal letters. Nothing to do with the paper. See here, darling. Why did you say you were out there Thursday night?"

"Because Meek is too smart. He thought he had me on a spot. He thought I'd deny I was there. Then he'd put Jake O'Hara on the stand to swear he'd seen me. And then where would I be?"

"You'd be behind the eight ball, darling."

"I'll say I would. And would those two bums pour it into me! Well, I was smart, and they only thought they were smart."

"Yes, dear. You were positively brilliant. Only our better intellects commit perjury on a witness stand."

"Listen, baby! You can't convict a guy of perjury until you prove he's told a lie. And those birds will have a swell time proving I wasn't out there."

"I still think it was a foolish thing to do."

"You would. Everything I do, according to you, is foolish. Let it pass, will you?"

"Gladly."

I DREW up in front of the Times-Star Building and waited for her to get out. She didn't move.

"You are in an awful mood this morning, darling."

"Well, I'm sunk, and you know it."

"Afraid?"

"For myself? Certainly not."

"For me, then?" she asked in a small voice.

"No, not for you," I lied.

"Did you tell them you were out there Thursday night because you wanted them to keep working on you and forget me?"

"You know why I told them that. Because Bill Meek needs somebody to set him down a few pegs."

"Maybe he does need setting down, but why should you—"

"Oh, skip it!"

"I shall," she said briskly, flinging open the door. "Is there anything more?"

"There's a lot more, but this is hardly the time to go into it. When will I see you?"

"In church."

I looked at her then. Her gray eyes were laughing as she sat there, one foot out on the running board, one hand holding the door open.

"What do you mean, in church?"

"Harry will be buried from the First Presbyterian at two, tomorrow afternoon. I want you to take me."

"Do you think it's wise for us to go together?" I asked.

"I do. As you know, I haven't kith nor kin. Isn't it natural that I should attend my husband's funeral with my dearest friend?"

Nuts!

"All right. I'll take you. Can't I help you with the arrangements?"

"No, darling. Thanks. There's nothing I can't do myself, and it keeps me busy."

I drove down the street to the first parking lot, left my car, and hit the nearest bar, which happened to be Eddie's. I ordered a shot of rye.

Well, Laura pegged it. I'm afraid. Sure, I'm afraid. Why shouldn't I be *afraid? If she weren't so completely emotionless she'd be afraid herself.*

Laura, Laura! Don't you know that sooner or later some smart lug will check your movements during that twenty-four hours after Harry got home? And then where'll you be, Laura? Then who'll be behind the eight ball?

Thinking about it, I was pretty sunk. Wondering about what direction Meek's investigation would take now, I got lower by the minute. And the rye didn't help much.

I kept thinking of those two cagey night police reporters, Al Herrick and Watt Bellingham. As shrewd as they come, those two, and if either one of them had a heart, you'd never know it.

Al Herrick and Watt Bellingham. Running up against a blank wall in so far as implicating me, how long before they'd start working on another angle? How long before, just for lack of something better to do, they'd start checking on Laura?

On the other hand— *Why do I have to doubt her? She says she was in New York at the time Harry was killed. She says she was in her hotel, packing, getting ready to go out to the airport. Why can't I believe her? What is it that keeps gnawing at my brain, refuses to give me peace, refuses to let me accept her word?*

The news sense of a one-time good reporter? Bilge! It's something deeper than that. It's something bred into me, bred into my very bone. And yet I wasn't always such a doubting Thomas. Ordinarily if a person told me a thing was so, I accepted his word until he was proved a liar. And here this woman whom I love assures me—

"How's it, Les?"

It was Hack Doyle, edging his ponderous bulk in beside me at the bar. He always ate lunch at Eddie's. I wished I'd chosen another bar. A fat man with a long narrow face and sad eyes under drooping lids can give you the willies, and if you're jittery already—

HELLO, Hack," I said. "Have a drink?"

"Beer, yes," he said, eying without approbation my half-empty glass of rye. "And a sandwich—tongue on whole-wheat. You eating?"

"I had a late breakfast."

He didn't say anything until he got his sandwich and beer. Then:

"You been here since you came from the inquest?"

"Yeah."

"Then you haven't heard the verdict."

"What could it be but 'at the hands of a party or parties unknown'? Correct?"

"That's right."

"What's the dirt from the Hall?"

"The usual thing. The police are working on the case. Look here, Les. You certainly go out of your way to put yourself in a bad light."

"What now? If you're going to drag up that testimony I gave—"

"It isn't that. I was thinking of the way you let Red and me think

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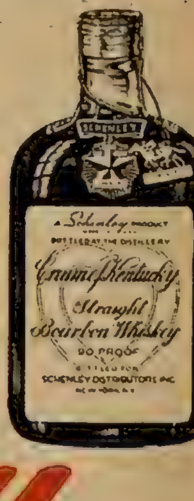

you'd slapped Meek down. That wasn't necessary."

"Probably not. But at the time it seemed a brilliant idea."

"I guess you were drunker than we thought." Hack nibbled on his sandwich; for a big man he consumed an amazingly small amount of food. After a moment he added diffidently: "But you weren't drunk this morning."

"You mean at the inquest?"

"Yes."

"I hadn't had a drink."

He let it go at that, but I knew he was thinking what a sap I was to get up there on the witness stand and perjure myself. To what end? I wasn't sure myself.

"Have you heard from Meek since the inquest?" he asked.

"No. Is he looking for me?"

"I don't think so."

"He won't be, either. He's got all he can get out of me, and he knows it. He won't drag me in again until he gets some more evidence against me, and that's out of the question, because no such evidence exists."

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Hack chuckled into his beer mug. "Still, he must be wondering which time you lied—when you talked to him yesterday or when you were on the stand today."

"Let him wonder. It's the best thing he does."

Hack chuckled again, a bit more amusedly. "Laura tells me he had Jake O'Hara all ready to put on the stand and call you a liar. Old Meek must have got the shock of his life when you crossed him up."

Hack jerked his head toward the other end of the crowded bar. And there was Jake—drinking whisky through a glass tube! He looked awful. With his rigid jaw and bloodshot eyes and sunken pasty cheeks, he looked like a caricature of a ghost.

Is this guy going to haunt me every place I go?

"When did he come in?" Hack asked.

"I don't know."

We heard him speak then; his husky voice was mushy and rasping: "Hey, Eddie. I want my dinner now. I want the works. Both courses. A pint of milk and a glass of bouillon."

Then he turned his hollow face and glared at me. The thought of that poor devil eating through a tube for six weeks sunk me. I couldn't even look at him.

Out on the sidewalk Hack and I practically ran down June Taylor.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you great big hulking brutes, trying to walk all over a poor girl!"

Her attempt at levity fell flat, because she couldn't smile. I took her arm. Hack said:

"Sorry, June." And then, completely out of character: "You ought to get yourself a Salvation Army uniform if you're going to hang around in front of bars."

He tipped his hat and headed down the street. June stared after him, frowning.

"Was that called for, Les?"

"I guess it wasn't. Still—a lot of your friends are getting a bit disgusted with you, the way you're always riding herd on Jake. Hack must have gathered the idea that you were going into Eddie's."

June bit her lip and didn't say anything.

"Had lunch?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Then I'll walk back to your office with you."

Her "All right" was only a little slow in coming, and as we turned and started down the street she looked back once at Eddie's. Then, with an almost imperceptible shrug, she fell into step with me.

"Jake has a new job," she said brightly.

"That's fine."

"He's handling Pat Calhoun's publicity. Calhoun, you know, is running for sheriff."

"Yes. I know." And I knew, too, that Jake wouldn't last long with Calhoun if he spent his days drinking whisky through a straw.

"And look, Les."

"Yes?"

"You're not giving him any more of Stacey Moise's checks."

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't fair."

"What isn't fair?"

"You know what isn't fair. I saw Laura a while ago, and she told me everything that happened at the inquest. Jake was going to get up there on the stand and lie—to get you into trouble. You know that."

"Sure I know it, but I don't mind it in the least. Jake isn't responsible for what he's doing and I'm not going to hold it against him."

"Well, I am," she declared firmly. "I'm going to tell him—about the money you've been giving him from Moise."

"Oh, why bother? Let the guy get on his feet. He rounded up the job. It's only fair he should get a cut on the dough."

"When you're doing all the work?"

"It's no trouble. Pass it. What else are you planning to tell Jake?"

"Oh, you know." She tried to laugh about it. "Never darken my door again and all that."

"Look, kid. You don't mean that."

"I certainly do. After what he was all set to do this morning, do you think I'm—"

"Why don't you forget it for a while? Why not give Jake a chance to make good with Calhoun? Another bump, you know, won't help him any."

She walked a few steps in silence. I still had her arm and I could feel the muscles tense under my fingers.

"Take it easy, kid," I urged. "You'll live longer and be happier if you just learn to coast."

I left her then and went up to my office and tried to get my mind on publicity. I worked hard all afternoon. At five o'clock, when I was all ready to close my typewriter and call it one more lousy day, the door opened without a knock and in walked Peggy Maple.

"How's it, beautiful?" I said.

"It's the nuts, handsome," she came back.

Going it the hard way, as usual.

"How's the Big Shot? Sit down. What's on your mind? Cigarette?"

She sat down and crossed her legs, exhibiting practically all of a pair of stockings much too expensive for a steno to be wearing around.

"Didn't anybody ever tell you about the witchery of suggestion?" I asked.

"What are you talking about?" she demanded stormily.

"Skip it."

I gave her a cigarette and held a match for her.

"There's one thing about you," she said. "You have a nice steady hand."

Her hard slim fingers closed over my hand and held it steady while she lighted her cigarette. Her large dark-brown eyes, never overlooking

(*Continued on page 26*)

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CONTEST CLOSES MAY 31 . . SEND IN YOUR ENTRY EARLY

"DICK" MERRILL, Eastern Air Lines' ace pilot, gave a star performance when he flew Coronation pictures from London to Floyd Bennett Field in 24 hours, 20 minutes!

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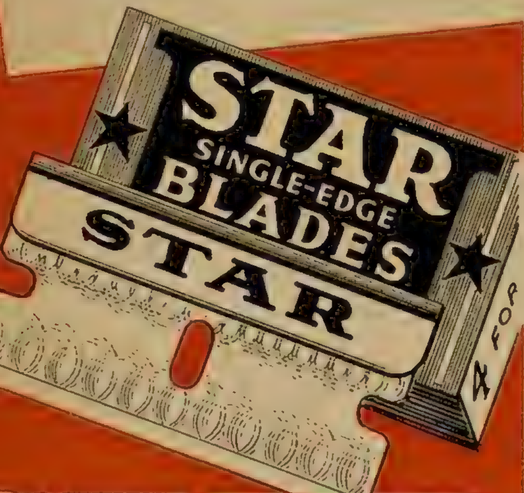


STAR Blades 4 FOR 10¢

FOR ALL GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

(*Continued from page 24*) an opportunity, watched me through long curling lashes heavy with mascara.

"Bad night last night, Les?" she asked friendlily.

"Plenty."

"You ought to be over it by now. Or maybe a drink would help."

I leaned back. "What's on your mind, babe?"

"You."

Subtlety wasn't one of this kid's weaknesses.

"Come on, come on," I ordered impatiently. "Pull down your skirt, open your eyes, and let's get down to brass tacks."

"Oke." She took a deep drag and blew three very neat smoke rings. "The boss is taking your girl friend to dinner tonight, and I thought you'd like to know."

Well, it wasn't unexpected. Stacey Moise was a notorious chaser, and Laura herself had a weakness for his type. It was just one of those things that couldn't miss, and I'd known it all the time.

"So you go to all the trouble of coming up here to tell me. Well, it was nice of you, babe, but I can't say I'm interested."

"No? Well, *I'm* interested!" Her brown eyes were stormy and she looked, right then, as hard as they come. "You certainly did me no favor when you dragged that woman up there and introduced her to Stacey."

"I didn't drag her, pal. She dragged me."

"Why? What has Stacey Moise got that a hundred other shysters haven't got?"

"Would I know?" I grinned.

"I thought you knew everything."

"Not quite, babe. But look here. I don't think you have to worry about Mrs. Hanneman and Moise. Just leave everything to me, and one of these days—or nights—you'll find yourself in a position to make your own terms. I'm going to move Moise on to a spot so hot he'll sizzle. And when I get through with him he'll be so allergic to blondes he'll shiver every time he sees one. Now will you be on your way? I have some work to finish up."

SHE stood up, stretching, preening herself languidly. "Such will power!" she commented, and went out.

I sat there for quite a while, thinking about what she had told me, wondering how far Laura and Moise would go.

Finally I gathered up my copy, stuck it in envelopes, and went out. I stopped at Eddie's for a sandwich and a beer, and then went over to the City Hall.

By this time it was just six o'clock. The day reporters had cleared out of the press room. Watt Bellingham of the Record, who had just come on the job, was calling the beat.

"Gimme Northern, Eastern, and Fire Alarm, the Emergency and the morgue. . . . How's it, Les?"

"Swell."

"Hello, Northern. Bellingham. Anything? . . . O. K. . . . What d'yuh know, Les?"

"Not a lousy thing."

"Bellingham, Eastern. Anything? . . . O. K. . . . Heard you were the star witness at an inquest this morning, Les."

"I wouldn't say that."

"Hello, Fire Alarm. This is Bellingham. Anything? . . . Damage nominal, huh? Skip it. . . . Funny thing, Les, about how all the time you were telling everybody you weren't out on the Hill that night. You wouldn't perjure yourself to shield a pal, would you, Les?"

"If I had a pal, sure I would."

"Bellingham, Emergency. . . . O. K., muh frand. . . . Look, Les. You wouldn't give the dicks a bum steer to shield a *blonde* pal, would you?"

"Do you know where I can get a blonde pal?"

"Hello, morgue. Bellingham. You got a coupla stiffs for me? . . . O. K."

HE put the phone aside and tilted his chair far back against the wall. I was sitting on the edge of a desk across from him, and for several moments, as he lighted a cigarette, his bleak gray eyes bored into me.

I began to squirm.

"I have a couple of stories for your sheet and Al Herrick's," I said. "O. K. to leave them here?"

"Why not? We'll have a messenger going over in an hour or so. But we were talking about blondes."

"Fine. I don't know a better subject, unless it might be redheads. Just what do you think of blondes, Watt?"

His eyes were sharper, harder; not looking at me; just boring straight through me. I could feel my insides crawling as they drew up into a knot.

"I wouldn't trust a blonde," he sneered, "as far as Jake O'Hara can get his jaws apart. I—"

The door, flung open by Al Herrick, banged against the wall. Herrick, who was the other night police reporter, looked as though he were in a hurry, but when he saw me he stopped, said, "How's it, Les?" and eased on to the edge of a desk. The front legs of Watt Bellingham's chair thumped the floor. He cocked his head around, looked a question at Herrick. Al was fumbling for a cigarette. His eyes were on the floor and he looked faintly white around the lips.

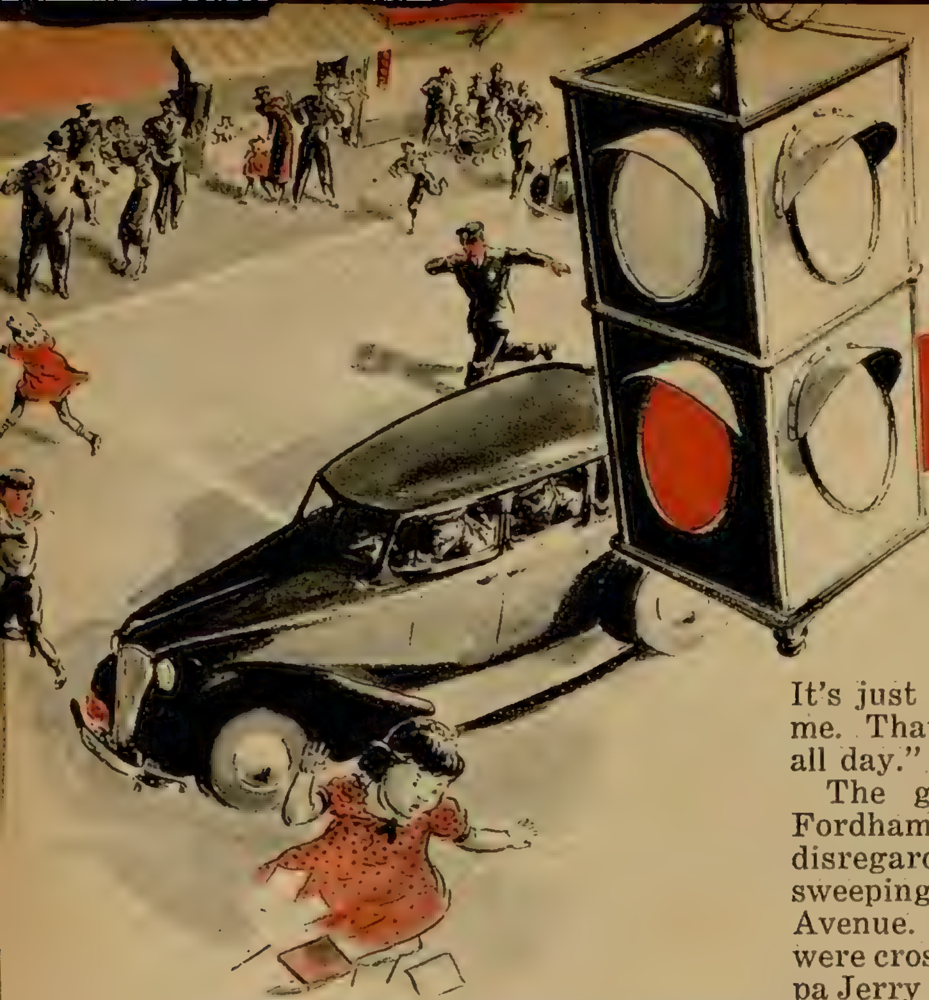
"How about it?" Watt asked.

Herrick shrugged. He glanced up at me and then looked at Bellingham.

"Check," he said. "The lady was here in town on Thursday night."

The tight knot in my insides sank slowly and sickeningly into my shoes.

Are the horrible suspicions of Les true, then? Did Laura have a hand in the crime? What proof has Herrick of her presence in town that night? What will be her tormented lover's next move in this nightmare game? Get next week's Liberty for light on this mystery and fresh thrills.



TRAFFIC INCIDENT

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

THE red light winked out as the heavy car approached the intersection. "Grandpa Jerry" stepped on the gas. And in the moment before the green light appeared he had shot across the car line.

"Close," the reporter said.

"Got to make time," Grandpa Jerry excused himself. "Got to be back in the studio, you know. Got to rehearse before the broadcast. Got no time to wait for lights."

"Sure," said the photographer, who, with his leather-covered boxes, occupied the back seat. "We'd have gone through even if the light was red, wouldn't we, Gramp?"

"What's the matter?" Grandpa Jerry asked, winging around a slow-moving truck. "Can't you take it?"

The reporter laughed, a bit nervously. "Don't say 'take it,'" he begged. "It sounds too much like ticket."

Grandpa Jerry scowled and sent the car deftly around an el pillar.

"You guys can square a ticket, can't you?" he asked.

"In Manhattan, maybe," the reporter said. "But this is the Bronx. Even in Manhattan it isn't so easy to fix a ticket as it used to be. Too many accidents."

"And too many reckless drivers," the photographer added.

"The Bronx!" said Grandpa Jerry. "The kid *would* have to live way out here in the sticks."

"What do you care?" the photographer said. "You're getting your picture in the paper, ain't you?"

"Can it," Grandpa Jerry said. "I'm not doing this for publicity."

"No," said the reporter, making a visible effort not to laugh. "Of course not, Jerry. We know that."

"Oh, no," said the photographer. "It's just the bigness of your heart. That's why we're here. And me without accident insurance."

"No kidding," Grandpa Jerry protested. "I don't need the publicity. It's just that the kid's letter touched me. That's all. But I can't give him all day."

The green light winked out at Fordham Road, but Grandpa Jerry disregarded the fact and made a sweeping right turn out of Jerome Avenue. A group of school children were crossing Fordham Road. Grandpa Jerry blew his horn, swerved right, swerved left, skillfully, calmly, without slackening speed.

Back of the car a police whistle blew shrill summons.

Grandpa Jerry pulled over to the curb and stopped, nearly a block from the intersection. He looked at his wrist watch, cursed, and waited.

"Watch me handle him," he said.

The policeman was tall and broad-shouldered and violently angry. In the savage light of his eyes Grandpa Jerry was revealed as a pitiful figure.

"Sorry if I did anything wrong, officer," he said. "But I got to get to Fordham Hospital in a hurry."

"Let's see your license." The officer was so angry he could hardly talk.

"I'm Grandpa Jerry," the driver said, searching his pockets. "On the radio, you know. I talk to the kiddies every evening. I'm nuts about kids."

The policeman made no comment, but his eyes were more scornful than they had been, if that were possible.

"The kid I'm going to see—he's in Fordham Hospital," Grandpa Jerry went on, not looking into the cop's implacable eyes. "Kid name of Clancy. Jimmy Clancy. Just six or so. He's dying, and calling for me."

"That's on the level, too," the reporter said. "You know what Grandpa Jerry means to kids like that? Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, and Santa Claus, all rolled into one, couldn't do for that kid what Grandpa Jerry can. That kid'll die happy with Grandpa Jerry there at his bedside. Maybe he was wrong, turning the corner like that. But for little Jimmy Clancy's sake—"

"Who are you?" the policeman asked.

"I'm Johnny Dunn. Of the Globe. And that's my photog, Ike Fink. Here's my police card."

The policeman glanced at the card, handed it back.

Grandpa Jerry had his billfold in his hands and was hurriedly sifting through its contents. His hands were not quite steady.

"Look," said the reporter. "Every minute you keep us here, officer, is a minute off that kid's life. Maybe we'll get there too late."

"Maybe you will," said the officer. "You went through a red light. You endangered the lives of half a hundred little kids walking across the street. You were going so fast around the corner you had to zigzag to keep from killing one of them. If you don't find that driver's license you'll not get to the hospital today. It's in the jug you'll go. All of you."

"And let the kid die?"

"How do you suppose that kid got in the hospital?" the policeman demanded. "He was hit by just such a driver as this man here. What do you suppose I'm on this corner for?"

"Here it is," Grandpa Jerry cried suddenly, his voice a mere squeak. "Here it is."

The officer took it, studied it, then took out his book and began to write in it.

"You're giving him a ticket?" the reporter asked.

"You bet!" the policeman said. "And, if I could do it, I'd have his license taken away from him forever." He tore the ticket out of his book and thrust it into Grandpa Jerry's hands.

"See that you be in court Wednesday morning at ten o'clock," he said. "Drive on, now."

"Look," the reporter implored. "Haven't you any heart, officer?"

"Heart?" The policeman's tone was very low. "Drive on before I lose my temper entirely. And if you try to fix that ticket, God help you!"

Grandpa Jerry drove on.

"Of all the stupid, brutal, heartless flatfoots!" he said. "Say, did you see the way he looked at me? Like he wanted to murder me!"

"I know that cop," the reporter said suddenly. "I'm trying to think who he is. Let's see that ticket."

He scanned the paper earnestly, somewhat puzzled for a moment by the officer's handwriting.

"Of course," he said at last. "I got him pegged now. Look at that signature. Jimmy Clancy's father!"

THE END

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air as a feature, Short Short Stories, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6.15 to 6.30 P. M., WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia. Also every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 11 to 11.15 A. M., over WLS, Chicago. Three complete dramatizations weekly.

TUNE IN!

BY JOHN ERSKINE

Casanova's Women:

A great lover lives again—in a blithe, sparkling tale of a lady in hiding and a gay battle of wits

READING TIME
19 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ

SIGNOR ANTONIO CAMPIONI, the dancer, stood leaning against the jamb of the door at the entrance to the Red Crab. He was keeping a rueful eye on Casanova's none too plentiful luggage, piled in front of him. The landlord came out, a fat man who lacked humor.

"So! He hasn't returned?"

"Not yet."

"I thought not!"

Campioni groaned. "He borrowed all I had in the world—three gold pieces!"

The landlord's face turned a livelier purple. "Then you can't pay, either! You both had the use of my room upstairs for your gambling!"

"A happy thought," said the dancer, "occurs to me. You might credit the surplus to my account. I can then look forward to a few more meals."

"*Hein?*"

"If he isn't here when the restaurant closes, I assume you will appropriate his bags. I assume also there is something in them."

The landlord was a man of action. A porter answered his call. "Put them away. They go to the pawnshop tomorrow morning."

Signor Campioni, having no further reason to lean against the door, wandered off disconsolately down the street. To his indignation, Casanova appeared out of the darkness, suave as ever, apparently with undiminished hope.

"You didn't become impatient, did you?"

Campioni gulped. "I did."

"A thousand pardons!" said Casanova, taking out his purse. "Let me repay the loan. I wish there had been a profit for us both, but better luck next time."

In the darkness he selected a gold piece and dropped it in Campioni's palm. Then another. "That makes two."

"You owe me three," said the harassed Campioni, taking fright.

"Three is the correct number," said Casanova, poking around the purse for his last coin.

"We grew tired of waiting," said the dancer, more annoyed because his conscience was uneasy. "We feared you had decamped."

"I never do that," said Casanova, lingering over the third gold piece. "Besides, my luggage is in your possession."

"It isn't now. The landlord seized it."

"The landlord seized—"

"He's going to pawn it for the rent of the game room."

The gold piece fell back into the purse. "Antonio Campioni, you have betrayed me!"

"As to that," said the dancer, venturing a bold stand, "let the police judge."

"Agreed!" said Casanova, raising the stake. "You know Vienna better than I do. Where do we find the police?"

Campioni wished he had not suggested pawning the bags and eating off the proceeds. "The Empress," he remarked, "is severe with gamblers, especially with the crooked ones."

"Come along," said Casanova. "You were willing while the luck was good. When it changed I went for money to repay you. In my absence you disposed of my property. Let the police decide who was dishonest."

"You overlook a detail. I have received but two coins."

"Forgive my distraction," said Casanova, emptying his purse. "Now for the police."

"The debt being settled," said Campioni, "I withdraw the charge. Good night."

Before he had gone a yard Casanova pulled him around by the collar. "My luggage!"

"Ask the landlord!"

"You," said Casanova, urging him back toward the Red Crab, "will do the asking. I suspect you and he put your heads together."

EMILIE LEAVES HER DAGGER BEHIND

All the world knew Casanova's skill with the sword. Even now the fat landlord might be opening the bags, to figure the size of the dancer's account.

"Signor Casanova, a happy thought occurs to me. My apartment is of the poorest, but fortunately there is, in addition to the narow bed, a still narrower couch. He won't pawn the luggage before morning."

Casanova was, among other things, a realist. After paying his debts, he hadn't a sou.

"I should be sorry to inconvenience you."

"On the contrary," said Campioni, "it will be a pleasure!"

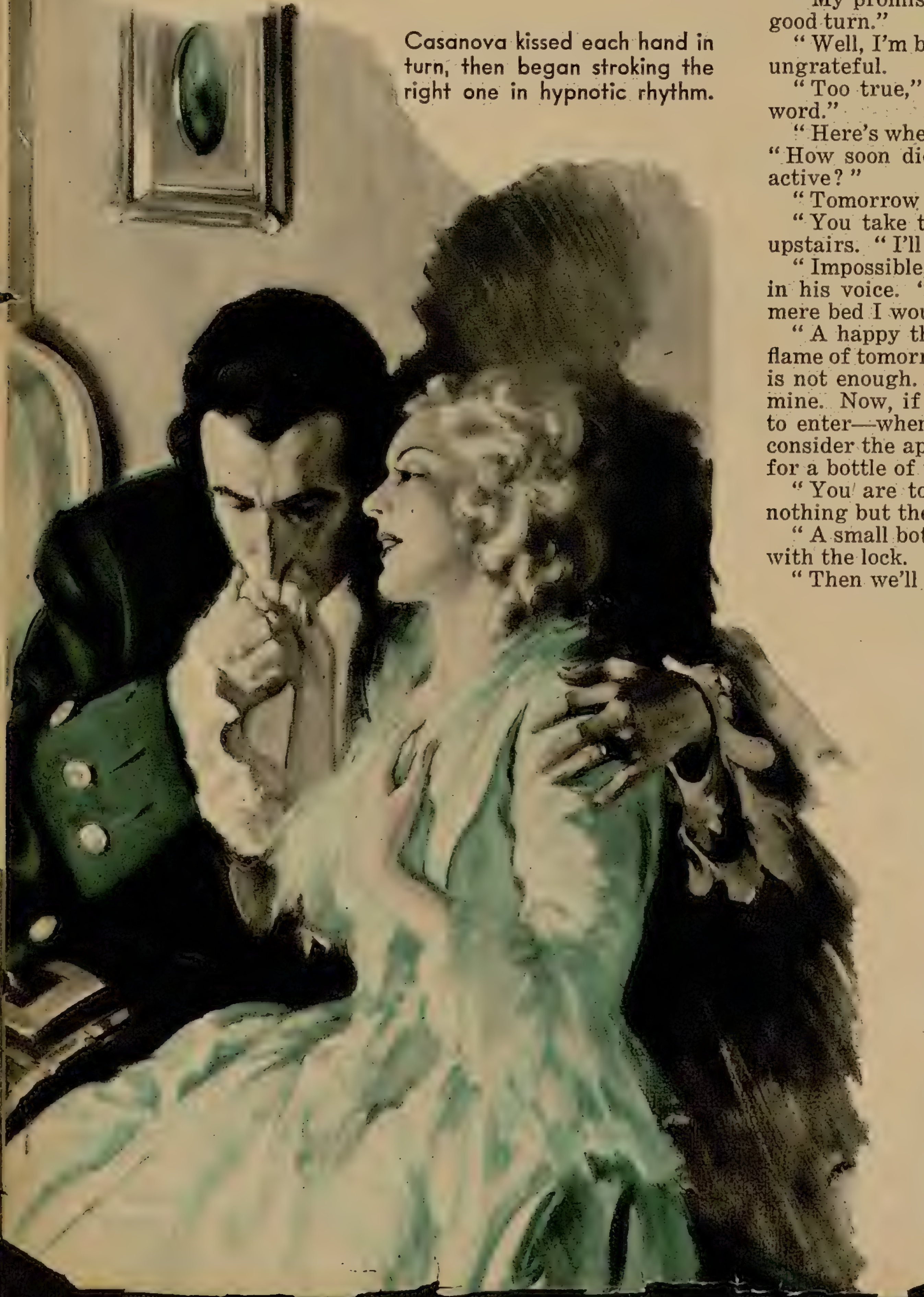
"Is it far?"

"A ten minutes' walk—no more. Really, I shall be honored."

Casanova, as usual, was thinking ahead. "Do you know why we lost, this evening?"

For a second Campioni forgot his hospitable role. "You cheated!"

"That was when we won. After the lady joined us—"



Casanova kissed each hand in turn, then began stroking the right one in hypnotic rhythm.

"I didn't think her charming," retorted Campioni.

"I did," said Casanova. "When *she* began to play, I found myself following the rules closely—with the results you know."

Campioni sighed. "Don't let's talk about it."

Casanova took him affectionately by the arm. "I propose we try it again."

"With my three gold pieces?"

"With my luggage. You have inspired me! I will do the pawning myself. One uninterrupted evening at faro, and our fortunes are made. We will permit no ladies to join the game."

Campioni stopped in the street, overcome by astonishment. "This time at your risk?"

"Entirely."

"Then why am I in it?"

"A matter of conscience," said Casanova. "Shall we walk on?"

"Conscience!" echoed Campioni, getting in motion again.

"My promise," explained Casanova, "was to do you a good turn."

"Well, I'm back where I started," said Campioni, a bit ungrateful.

"Too true," said Casanova. "A gentleman keeps his word."

"Here's where I live," said Campioni, entering a court. "How soon did you say your conscience would become active?"

"Tomorrow afternoon, if you're free."

"You take the bed," said Campioni, leading the way upstairs. "I'll sleep on the couch."

"Impossible," said Casanova, with the ghost of a laugh in his voice. "The couch is what attracted me. For a mere bed I wouldn't have come."

"A happy thought," said the dancer, warming at the flame of tomorrow's prosperity. "A mere bed, as you say, is not enough. If you'll permit me—that second door is mine. Now, if I can find my key— Ah, at last! Please to enter—when I get this wretched machine open—and consider the apartment yours. I'll run around the corner for a bottle of wine."

"You are too good," said Casanova. "I really want nothing but the couch."

"A small bottle, I insist," said Campioni, still involved with the lock.

"Then we'll run around the corner together for it."

"Ah, no! I claim the privilege. You will entertain yourself for a moment—"

The key turned at last, the door swung back. A plain room—one bed, one couch, one table, one chair, two wardrobes, in case you had a supply of clothes—all these details rendered visible by a candle on the table, a fresh candle, recently lighted. Very recently indeed.

Signor Campioni's jaw dropped. "Perhaps it would be as well if we went together for the wine."

"No wine for me," said Casanova, helping himself to the one chair, and beginning to unbutton his waistcoat.

"Now that I look at it," said Campioni, in evident agony, "the couch will never do. Never! Next door there's a vacant room, and the concierge is a friend of mine. Let me take you there—my guest."

"How kind!" said Casanova. "Also, how foolish! The couch, as a couch, is beyond criticism. In five minutes I shall be asleep."

Bending down as though to wrestle with his boots, he was aware of a rapid maneuver on the part of the dancer. For a brief instant Campioni stood with his back to the wardrobe, the one on the left,

"STOP GROWLING!"

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

"QUICK—cheer up with a stick of Beeman's! There's nothing like that delicious Beeman's flavor to drive off a grouch—that fresh zip and tang is a tonic.

Do you know why it tastes so refreshing? That airtight package keeps the flavor fresh and delicious as the day it was made! Now don't be selfish—I'll have a stick of Beeman's too!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

and with his hand behind him. When he stepped toward the center of the room again he put his hand for a moment in his pocket.

"Nothing better than a small glass just before sleep. You won't need anything, will you, while I'm gone?"

"I wish you wouldn't go," said Casanova; "but, since you are stubborn, I'll try to stay awake till you return."

Campioni shot out the door and down the stairs. Casanova listened to the footsteps, his eye on the wardrobe lock. The key was gone. Campioni ought also to have removed the key from the wardrobe against the opposite wall. As Casanova knew, there never was an irreconcilable difference between wardrobe keys. He tiptoed to the lock which Campioni had been at such pains to turn.

"Would you care to come out?"

"At once!" Evidently the prisoner was angry.

"The key may not fit," said Casanova. "In that case I'll get up the landlord."

"No!" The prisoner was frightened.

"The key *does* fit," said Casanova, opening the door.

A young woman stepped out, rather good-looking. She had brown eyes, and nature had perhaps started her off with brown hair, but at present she was blonde.

"Where has he gone?" demanded the girl. "Why did he lock me in?"

Casanova pushed forward the chair and occupied the couch. The girl, however, remained standing.

"You couldn't expect me to know," said he, smiling at her. "I assume you were waiting for Signor Campioni. Either he didn't know you were coming, or he forgets his engagements. Hearing our voices, you hid. In your haste you neglected to put out the candle. Signor Campioni immediately regretted my presence, and invited me to leave, but I too had seen the candle. He's off somewhere, planning a quick rescue. He locked the wardrobe."

"YOU like to talk, don't you?" said the girl.

"I do," said Casanova. "Particularly with you."

"Tell your friend I couldn't wait," said she, moving toward the door.

"If I do," said Casanova, "if you depart in this haphazard way, he will understand you are annoyed and embarrassed."

"I am."

"Does he deserve to know it?"

That angle of it was new to her. She hesitated.

"Of course," said Casanova, "I don't know why you came here in the first place, and though my conclusion may be hasty, I assume you are leaving more from dislike of him than of me. That is, you know him better."

In spite of herself, she smiled. He went on:

"Undoubtedly he will get rid of me as soon as he returns. He will then take the wardrobe key from his pocket and let you out. That is, if you are still in. He will then try to explain. What an opportunity for you!"

"Are you inviting me to be locked up again?"

"That was my thought," said Casanova. "If you prefer, we might sit here until his footsteps warn us. I could then lock you in, restore the key to the other wardrobe, stretch on this couch, and be sound asleep when he enters. I will then go—he will see to that. What you will say to each other, I shall be sorry never to know."

She sat down on the chair. "If he didn't open it quickly, I might stifle, of course. Just who may you be?"

"Me? Casanova."

She looked him over from head to foot, skeptical.

"If I might know your name, signorina—"

"Emilie."

"Nothing else?"

"That's all you need to know," said the girl.

CASANOVA smiled. "Don't tell me you are an opera singer!"

"In the chorus," she corrected firmly.

The smile broadened. "Which opera did you sing in tonight?"

She reddened.

"You are acute, Signor Casanova. I do not sing. I am no better than a milliner."

"Are you a milliner? Or do you suggest a degree of merit?"

"Signor, I love him. That is, until he forgot me tonight, and then shut me in the closet."

"The blame is mine, my dear. I forced my company upon him."

"But why did he lock me up?"

"Why did you hide?"

She hesitated, then leaned forward in a burst of confidence. "Signor, I am no milliner. I am his wife. I suspect he is unfaithful."

Casanova raised an astonished and sympathetic eyebrow. "Not faithful to beauty, to the rarest kind of intelligence, to that solicitude for his happiness which prompts you to live somewhere else!"

Her eyes sharpened. "You don't believe me?"

"Not a word, my dear Emilie."

She sighed deeply. "Well, I did the best I could."

"Emilie, you are adorable!"

She moved over to the couch, beside him. "I really did love him till he took to gambling. I can't endure the ups and downs. One week he gives me champagne, another week a crust, and the next week, when I expect the pendulum to swing, what do I get? Nothing, absolutely nothing!"

Indignation was almost too much for her. With his left arm Casanova supported her trembling frame.

"Of course," she continued, "there's such a thing as luck, no matter how well you play. But a gentleman shouldn't try to entertain when he hasn't a sou, should he?"

Casanova turned thoughtful. "I never risk it myself."

She nestled close, and pulled his

arm around where it would be more snug. "Well, I'm glad we met."

She raised her chin till their eyes met. His wits were never quicker than in an emergency, nor his manners more graceful.

"At any moment, my dear, Signor Campioni will return. Would it not be well to kiss you while I may?"

She seemed to think so, but when she had caught her breath she sat up straight, stimulated by a delayed idea.

"Mentioning him then, of all times!"

"Darling, when else would he come to mind? My good fortune made me sorry for him."

She was mollified. "I suppose that's why I came tonight. I, too, was sorry for him. But if he didn't know what he had, sympathy's wasted."

Casanova drew her against his heart, kissed each hand in turn, and then began stroking the top of the right one in slow hypnotic rhythm.

"Not sympathy," he said. "With me it is conscience. From the moment I entered this city I have inflicted upon him serious injuries."

"Don't accuse yourself," said she. "He loses his money even when you're not here."

"As for that," said Casanova, "I've already restored what he lost tonight. The injuries I refer to are distresses of spirit. My conscience suggests that I sacrifice, or at least postpone, the happiness which from some points of view I do not deserve."

She raised her chin as before. "Do you think you could postpone *me?*"

He did not think so. "But if you hide in the wardrobe, and permit him to rescue you at last, he'll be the one to feel the uneasy conscience. Consider all sides, my dear. Tonight he would furnish champagne."

"You're sure he has money?"

"I gave it to him."

She shook her head. "No—I don't want his champagne."

Casanova refused to be discouraged. "Quite right. For me, too, the question is essentially moral. Here I am, a guest in his home. I wish this opportunity had offered itself in another setting."

SHE was puzzled. "But we don't have to stay here! I've been wondering why we didn't go to—wherever you live."

"He knows you were in the wardrobe," said Casanova. "If, on his return, he found us both gone, he would suspect we went together."

"Well, he would be right."

"My dear Emilie, we are not fugitives. Besides, I am less free to go than you. At the moment I haven't a sou."

You could not say she sprang to her feet, but at least she got up without delay and stared down at him, her head thrust slightly forward.

"Though a temporary condition," said Casanova, "it's a real one. I fear it is retribution. For some time my conduct has been nothing to be proud of. It is a relief to confess. Emilie, I am a scamp! What is worse, my

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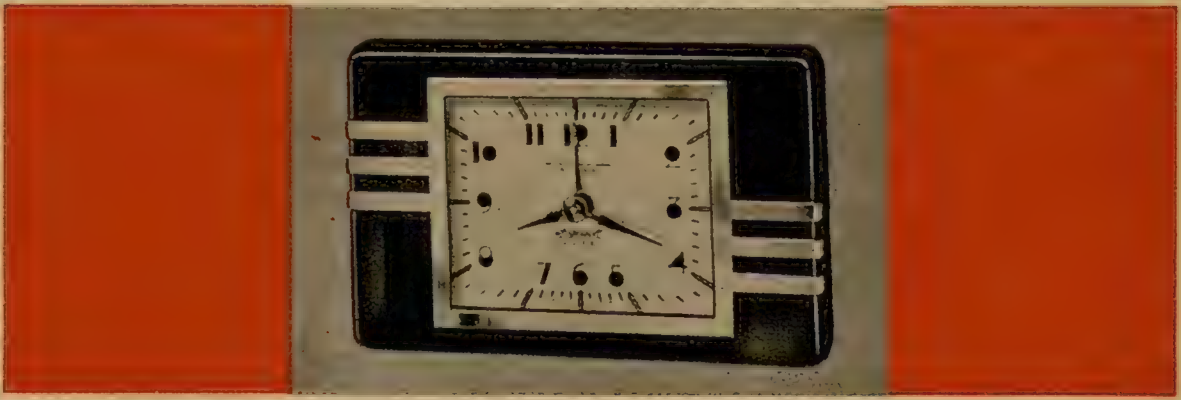

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INGERSOLL-WATERBURY CO., DIV. OF WATERBURY CLOCK CO., WATERBURY, CONN.

schemes are no longer profitable. If Campioni had not met me, he would have been waiting for you in this room, and you would have been spared the misfortune of wasting these moments with me. There! I've made a clean breast of it."

"I wouldn't call it clean," said she, "and I'm not used to being shown the door."

He smiled. "The door I am thinking of is yours. Tomorrow I shall provide myself with an adequate purse. I will then present myself to you, if you will let me know where—"

She was about to tell him her address when he raised an abrupt hand.

"Let my heart find you! Let destiny lead my feet!"

Anger gathered in her eyes. "Have I squandered another evening on a dead beat? And I thought Campioni was bad! I'll teach you—!"

When she flashed a blade from her sleeve, he caught both her wrists and held them till the knife dropped to the floor. When she threatened to faint, he eased her gently to the couch and sat watching her, his fingers playing gracefully with the dagger.

"You didn't expect me when you came, did you?" His voice was extremely quiet. "Was this the sympathy you planned for Campioni?"

Her sobs grew in violence.

"Don't restrain your feelings," said he. "You'll feel more comfortable for letting yourself go. I only hope nobody hears you."

She sat up and dried her eyes. She reached an appealing hand toward the dagger. "May I have it again? I'll behave."

Casanova examined the knife closely with the eye of an expert. "Emilie, it's a handsome trifle—perfect edge, fine point, might be dangerous. I shall keep it, my dear, as a souvenir of you."

She rose from the couch, smoothed down her dress, tidied her blonde tresses. Suddenly her face became the very mirror of happiness, even of merriment.

"Isn't it odd, Signor Casanova, I should meet you this way? People talk about you, and I often wondered if there *were* such a man. Not just your love affairs—you *do* have love affairs, don't you? I was attracted more by accounts of your brilliant mind, your noble character. Now that I've witnessed the miracle with my own eyes, I'll say the praise of you has been niggardly."

For once Casanova was taken by surprise. He sat with his mouth open. Her brown eyes twinkled.

"I've learned another thing about you tonight—you haven't yet found your proper career. Have you ever thought of reforming? To start with, you need concentration and industrious habits and a prudent ordering of your affairs. Then, with your eloquence you could uplift people. Wouldn't that give you a spiritual satisfaction, Signor Casanova? I don't undervalue the virtue of charity—we should not judge others—yet there's no real substitute for a moral life, is there?"

Under her sarcasm he withered, perhaps because in the depths of his strange nature there persisted a glimmering faculty to distinguish good from evil. What she uttered as momentary revenge he may have heard as eternal truth.

"Good night, Signor Casanova."

He rose and bowed. "I am glad we met."

"So am I. I like you!"

He walked slowly to the wardrobe. On the inside of the door he scratched with the dagger a large cross, and left the blade sticking in the wood at the point where the lines intersected. He was smiling at the thought of Campioni's brainfag, trying to interpret the symbol.

He then locked the closet, replaced the key where he had found it in the opposite wardrobe, sat down on the couch, and removed his boots. Signor Campioni would recall his eagerness to get those boots off earlier.

Stretched comfortably on the couch, he crossed his stockinged feet, gazed up at the ceiling, and imagined the frenzied haste with which the dancer, when at last alone, would rush to the wardrobe door, and his probable delight at finding the lock still unturned, and his paralyzed dismay before the occult phenomenon of Emilie's evaporation. Casanova smiled broadly.

FIVE minutes later, when Signor Campioni burst in, the tall figure on the couch was to all appearances asleep. "Get your boots on! I've sent your luggage next door, and my friend, the concierge—"

"Ah-h-h-h!" Casanova stretched himself to the accompaniment of a long cadenced yawn. "What time is it? Where am I?"

"Wake up!" urged Campioni, too pressed to be polite. "The landlord of the Red Crab was angry—we argued—I thought he'd never come around—I had to pay a trifle more than the room rent—we can settle that later. To save time, I brought the bags in a coach—we can adjust that tomorrow. The concierge next door had a cheaper room, but I explained it was only for comfort you were changing."

Casanova got one leg halfway into a boot, then stopped to think. "Is it too late?"

Campioni gasped. "Terribly late!"

"I mean, I'd rather stay here. I've sampled the couch. You see for yourself how well it suits me. Give the concierge a small coin for his pains, and tell the coachman to bring up the baggage."

The dancer knelt on the floor. "Hold your leg out—push hard—there you are! Now for the other boot."

"I mean it," said Casanova. "Left to myself, I should stay."

Campioni guided him with a strong hand down the stairs and along the street to the threshold where the concierge waited, rubbing his palms, politely bowing.

"Here we are!" said Campioni, quite breathless. "This is my friend, the famous Signor Casanova. Make him comfortable, Wilhelm."

Wilhelm the concierge opened his eyes at Signor Campioni racing back to his lodginghouse as though to extinguish a fire.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

1—The somber young man in the early photo (at right) was an artist of pantomime with the Karno Comedy Act. Who?

2—What is England's floral emblem?

3—Who originated baseball?

4—Is it compounds of pyorrhea, pyrexia, pyrethrum, or pyrope that annoy flies?

5—What was Ann Rutledge to Lincoln?

6—In which state is Mammoth Cave?

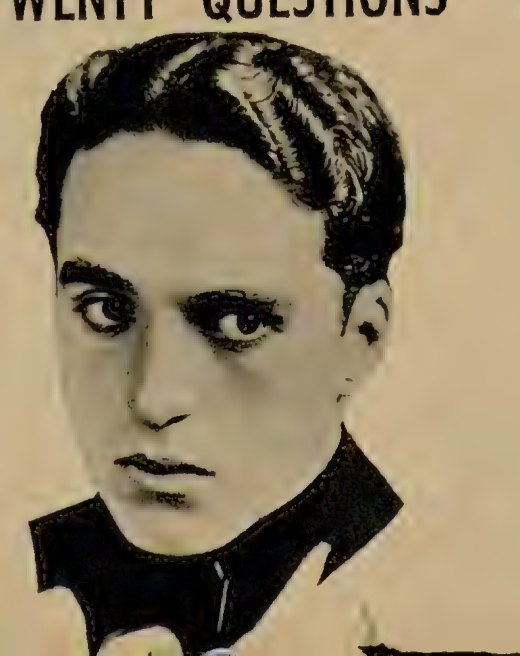
7—Why do laundresses sometimes add the juice of a lemon or two to a boilerful of water?

8—Who was the last of Russia's czars?

9—William expounded the doctrine of pragmatism; Henry wrote The Outcry. What was the last name of these brothers?

10—Why did Rembrandt paint sixty-two self-portraits?

11—Which President first visited Victoria, British Columbia?



12—The biggest nickel's worth and the world's largest statue share what name?

13—What is a zipper?

14—Why isn't it healthful to give way to a fit of anger directly after finishing a heavy meal?

15—Is salt water used in making salt-water taffy?

16—Who said: "Gold is the most useless thing in the world"?

17—The armies of which two important European nations use the goose step?

18—Which feminine movie star was knighted by the King of Norway a few months ago?

19—A radio tenor and a tennis player of note share what name?

20—Who is in charge of the sale of United States Savings Bonds?

(*Answers will be found on page 46*)

What Happened to ELLIS PARKER?

"Over there, Michael," she said. "It was Matilda. She called 'Mother!'"

THE CLUE OF THE AUDIBLE CORPSE

BY FRED ALLHOFF

A true story out of the past of a great detective whose brilliant career went into a strange eclipse

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHEN, in the spring of 1936, Brooklyn authorities indicted Ellis Parker, Jr., in connection with the kidnaping of Paul H. Wendel, young Parker promptly disappeared.

As self-arranged disappearances go, it was a beauty. Not a trace of him could be found. When, in his own good time, young Ellis found it convenient to reappear, he not only went unrecognized but found it necessary to announce his identity to red-faced officials who, for days, had wondered what had become of him.

For, when the missing young man did turn up, he was fetchingly disguised as an attractive young woman.

His ruse may have been suggested to him by a case on which his father once had worked—a case in which the most elusive quarry the pipe-smoking detective had ever trailed, boldly backtracked through cities filled with watchful police, and escaped arrest by putting on women's clothes.

This is the second in a series of true stories of Ellis Parker's cases, mysterious crimes he solved. What caused him, after the long and honorable career these stories typify, suddenly to turn his own hand to crime in the Paul Wendel kidnaping? Who can say? The story of another of his remarkable cases will be told in an early issue of Liberty.

That case broke in a deceptively casual fashion in the late spring of 1921. The date was June 4—a Saturday. The place: Moorestown (a Quaker community), New Jersey.

The little girl who vanished was Matilda Russo. She was very pretty, not quite eight, shy but bright; she had shiny black hair and eyes. She dropped off the earth in broad daylight and in not more than five minutes.

At six o'clock, when her father, Michael Russo, come home from work, she was skipping rope on the sidewalk in front of the house. He told her to come in to supper. Five minutes later he went to the door to call her. She was no longer out there.

Her father spent an hour walking around looking for her, calling her name, inquiring of neighbors. They all knew Matilda, but none had seen her except Louis Lively, a brushmaker, who lived next door. He was getting ready to go on his motorcycle for a week-end trip to the home of relatives in Bridgeton. When he said, sure, he had seen her, Russo's heart jumped. Then it sank. Lively had seen her more than an hour before, when she had been skipping rope in front of the house.

That didn't help any, so Russo went to the Moorestown police. They made a search, but in vain.

Later that night, in the Russo kitchen, the father gloomily watched his wife swaying in a quiet ecstasy of grief in the chair in which she sat; saw her suddenly grow white and taut as her eyes became big.

"Listen, Michael!"

He listened. He heard nothing. And then she rushed out into the darkness, shouting frantically:

"Yes, Matilda! It's mother! Where are you?"

Neighbors' heads popped out of open windows as Russo reached her side.

"Over there, Michael," she said; "beyond the trees," and she pointed toward the quiet darkened house next door. "It was Matilda. She called 'Mother! Mother!'"

Doubtfully Michael Russo ran over that way, calling his daughter's name. He peered about in the darkness of the next yard, saw nothing.

His wife looked at him gravely as he returned and shook his head. Then she shrugged. "I would have taken an oath," she said. He put his arm around her and they went back into the house.

The next day the local chief of police, John Bradshaw, put through a call to Mount Holly.

"Ellis," he said, "we got a little girl over here that's missing." He went on to give the few details.

"Maybe," suggested Ellis Parker, "somebody stopped in an automobile and picked her up."

"She was timid," said Chief Bradshaw. "Her folks say she wouldn't have got in a car with strangers."

"Maybe she ran away because she wasn't doing so well at school."

"No, I checked that. She was doing fine at school. We've given the relatives and friends of the family a check-back, too. She's not at any of their houses."

"Her parents got any money?"

"Lots of kids. No money. Father's a tailor."

"Then it wouldn't be kidnaping." Ellis Parker paused. "Russo? Any chance the father's got tangled up with a Mafia outfit?"

"Nope. They're respectable people."

That seemed to eliminate all but two possibilities—one, innocent; the other, horrible. Either the child had strayed away and got lost (there were woods and fields near by), or some degenerate had got her.

"Well," said Parker, "I'd keep checking the neighborhood. If there are any old barns or houses that have been empty a long time, I'd look in them. And it wouldn't hurt to get some pictures of her and put them in the Camden and Philadelphia newspapers, with a description of her. If you haven't anything by tomorrow, give me a ring."

All that second day the police found nothing.

The brushmaker who lived next door.

Late that night Michael Russo jerked awake, his terrified ears still ringing with the shriek of the wife who no longer lay beside him. He found her kneeling at the open window of the bedroom.

"I heard it plain!" she sobbed. "She called 'Mother! Mother!' from over there, back of the trees."

Russo looked out, saw the moonlight through the line of trees between his house and the one next door.

He sighed. Soon he said gently, "Come to bed."

The next day he told Chief Bradshaw about it, and Bradshaw telephoned Parker.

"I'll be right over," Parker said.

He brought an assistant, Detective Clifford Cain, and his secretary, Miss Anna Yoos. They picked up Chief Bradshaw at headquarters and went to the Russo place.

Detective Parker expected to find a pretty hysterical woman. But Mrs. Russo was nothing of the sort. She was worried, of course, and upset, but she was intelligent and she answered questions quietly.

"Matilda is dead," she said. "I know she is. I heard her screaming to me last night and the night before. 'Mother!' she cried. Twice. That's all she said."

"Where did her voice come from?"

MRS. RUSSO took Parker outside and pointed. "Back of those trees," she said. "Maybe in that house. You'll look for her in that house, won't you?"

He said he would, and took Chief Bradshaw aside.

"Who lives there?"

"Fellow named Louis Lively. He's a light-skinned Negro—a mulatto. He's lived there four months. Quiet. Minds his own business. Has a colored wife and a little boy about Matilda's age. Works regularly as a brushmaker in Philadelphia."

"Then he's at work now," Parker mused. "How about the wife? She at home?"

"No. She's been visiting relatives at Bridgeton for the past few weeks. He went there over the week-end. There's no one in the house now to let us in."

"We're going in anyway. Cliff, come here."

Detective Cain got in a side window and opened the front door to admit Parker and Bradshaw.

The first and second floors didn't show anything. Ellis Parker got on a chair and opened a trapdoor into a loft above the second floor. The opening and the floor all around it were thick with dust. No one, obviously, had been in the loft for months.

The basement was disappointingly bare. It had a hard-packed dirt floor that hadn't been disturbed. In the center of the floor, on some old rotting boards, was a collection of miscellaneous junk—tin cans, boxes. There was no point in moving the stuff, for there were spider webs all over it, and when Ellis Parker nudged one of the rotting boards with his foot, bugs ran out.

"Well," he told himself, as they left, "she may be dead, but she isn't in that house."

He helped organize a searching party that went into the woods and explored the streams and came back without finding anything. Then he returned to Mount Holly.

He'd just sat down to smoke a pipe over the case when the telephone rang. It was Captain Bradshaw. Mrs. Russo had heard Matilda screaming again. She wanted to know if they wouldn't search the Lively house again.

"Tell her," said Parker, "that we'll try it again in the morning, John. By the way, did you get a statement from Lively yet? . . . Good; I'll want to see it."

Louis Lively's statement to Chief Bradshaw covered his actions of the previous Saturday from the time he left home on his motorcycle until he arrived for the week-end at Bridgeton. It supplied times of departure and arrival and names of friends he had seen or chatted with. Ellis Parker nodded to Chief Bradshaw.

"This should be easy enough to check, anyway. Have one of your men take a motorcycle and cover the same ground. Now let's have another look at the house."

FROM loft to basement they gave the Lively home a careful inspection. They tapped every inch of wall, examined every nook and cranny. In the cobweb-festooned rubbish pile in the basement were two dirty pillows. Ellis Parker gave one of the pillows a kick. Feathers flew out of its torn cover.

"Old, all right," he said. "Well, let's get out of here. We can't do any more with this house unless we take it apart piece by piece."

The officer who had gone on a motorcycle came back late that afternoon.

"Lively's lying his head off!" he said. "He couldn't have made the trip within an hour of the time he claimed. And I checked every person he said he visited. He didn't even see half of them."

Louis Lively didn't return home from his job in Philadelphia that night.

Mrs. Russo woke her husband again, asked him pathetically if he, too, couldn't hear Matilda calling.

Ellis Parker tossed in his bed and couldn't sleep. At one o'clock in the morning he put through a call to Moorestown and woke Chief Bradshaw. "John," he said, "I'm convinced the answer to this whole thing is in that house. First thing today, have a blacksmith make you a sharp-pointed steel rod. Jab it in every inch of the Lively cellar. If anything's in the way, move it. I've got an idea."

His idea was a trifle fantastic. He now half believed that the pile of rubbish in the cellar had been very carefully put there to mislead any one who might search.

Under the pile, in the morning, Chief Bradshaw and one of his men found a grave. In it was the little body of Matilda Russo, with her clothes and skipping rope buried neatly beside her. The rest of it was not so neat. A degenerate had been at her with a knife.

Ellis Parker hurried over at once. The soft earth beneath the child's body was black with blood. But there was not a drop of blood to be found anywhere else in the house. That added up only one way: The murderer had had the grave hollowed out and waiting before he had even stolen the child.

Parker walked over and picked up one of the pillows, studied it ruefully, nodded to Chief Bradshaw.

"Lord!" he said. "Lively's played us for fools! Look at this pillow. I thought it was old, discarded, worn. It's practically new. That devil rubbed it in the dirt to make it look old. And these rips aren't worn spots; they're freshly torn. And the cobwebs! Lively is as clever as he is dangerous. When's he due back home here?"

"He ought to be home tonight."

"Good," said Parker. "Don't let it leak out that the body's been found."

Leaving the house, the three men broke the latch in trying to close the front door.

"That's bad," said Parker. "We can't leave the door flapping open in the wind. Nail it shut."

Three Moorestown officers lay in wait for Louis Lively that night, one at the railroad station, another at the spot where he would get off the trolley, the third in the back yard of his home. But then, as later, Lively was to demonstrate a virtual sixth sense—a sense that detected and warned him of danger.

At the railroad station he got off the train on the wrong side—and avoided the man waiting there. Instead of riding the trolley to the stop nearest his home, he got off two blocks away and cut across yards to his own house. The moment he found the front door nailed shut, he quietly fled.

Parker meanwhile, in Mount Holly, had learned that Lively had not appeared that day at the factory in Philadelphia where he was employed.

Parker wondered where Lively had learned to make brushes. It was an unusual trade and, he recalled, one that was taught in several Eastern penitentiaries. He got in touch with the Philadelphia Police Department. Did they have anything on Louis Lively?

THEY had plenty. Lively, before he was out of his teens, had done time in a New Jersey reformatory for arson. In Philadelphia he had knifed a man in a barroom brawl; he had gone for two years to a penitentiary, where he had learned brushmaking. He had also done time in southern New Jersey for attacking a little girl, and in one place where he'd lived, authorities had found a youngster mysteriously mutilated exactly as Matilda Russo had been.

He knew how to keep his mouth shut—no one in Moorestown even suspected that he had a criminal record—and he had the gall of Lucifer, for here he had been, at the time of one crime, working in Philadelphia, the scene of another. He'd been born in south Jersey and, Ellis Parker reasoned, he'd be bold enough, sooner or later, to double back there.

Where he had gone now, Ellis Parker hadn't the faintest idea, but he decided to try to smoke him out anyway. Louis Lively had to eat and, to eat, he had to earn money, since he wasn't the kind to have a dollar saved when it could be spent. As far as Parker could find out, he had no trade that would earn him good money except brushmaking.

Parker got in touch with the president of the Brush Manufacturers' Association of the United States and Canada, and got a list of all the leading manufacturers. To each he sent

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Champion Spark Plug Change Week has become the accepted period for bringing cars up to peak performance by millions of the nation's motorists. Regularly at this time or every 10,000 miles, they have their Champion dealer check their spark plugs. When new spark plugs are necessary, from an economy and efficiency standpoint, they demand Champions because they appreciate the sustained better performance and the gas-saving economy that Champions alone provide.

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CHECK AND CLEAN SPARK PLUGS WHEN YOU CHANGE OIL

a "Wanted for Murder" circular that showed Lively's picture, gave his description, and offered a $500 reward for him. He sent a note to each brush concern, instructing that if Lively applied there for work he was to be stalled until police could be notified.

After that, Parker sent copies of the circular to police departments all over the country.

While he waited, he tried to figure out how Lively had made his getaway from Moorestown in the first place. Immediately after it was learned that he had given the officers guarding the house the slip, a canvass of all transportation lines had been made.

Louis Lively, Ellis Parker knew, wasn't a hard man to spot. He was only five feet three and one half inches tall. He had scars on his face from knife brawls, and high cheekbones like an Indian, and one tooth out, and a skin so light you'd look at it twice just to be sure he was a Negro. Yet he'd ducked out of Moorestown and nobody, apparently, had so much as seen him.

The night after his getaway, a colored woman came into Moorestown Police Headquarters. Miss Yoos, Parker's secretary, was sitting in an outer room there. The colored woman asked:

"Can you tell me if Louis Lively has been arrested?"

Miss Yoos thought fast and answered:

"I think he has; but wait a minute—I'll make sure."

She went into the back room and told Parker:

"You'd better come out here. There's a woman looking for Louis Lively. Maybe she's his wife."

It was Lively's wife. Parker ordered her "detained." She didn't know anything, but he reasoned that sooner or later Lively would try to get in touch with her. Incidentally, Mrs. Lively was detained for more than four months—much longer than Paul Wendel later was to be kept prisoner. But no one got excited about it.

The first of Ellis Parker's reward circulars to yield a lead was one sent to a brush-manufacturing firm in Boston. Two days before they received it, a man answering Lively's description applied there for work. He was told to leave his address and was promised that if a job opened up they would let him know. When the circular arrived, some one identified him; notified Boston police. They got in touch with Parker. He suggested:

"Have them send Lively a letter, telling him they have a job. When he comes to the factory, nab him."

While detectives watched Lively's roominghouse, the letter was sent by the brush firm. But again Lively's sixth sense was working. He never answered the letter. When police raided the house he was gone.

He turned up next in a small town in Maine, where he borrowed an auto ride and the price of a night's shelter from a policeman off duty. The next day the policeman recognized on a reward circular the man he had befriended. He hurried to the place where the man had spent the night. And again Louis Lively had fled.

THESE reports, however, were encouraging to Ellis Parker. He had his man on the move. Lively was broke and every brush factory was closed to him. Weeks passed without word, and Parker, studying the problem, decided Lively would attempt to beat his way to Canada.

There weren't too many things a man without a trade could do there, or along the New England coast where he seemed to be traveling.

It was getting into the heavy fishing season, so Parker queried New England coast shipping agents. Sure enough, a man answering Lively's description had shipped on a fishing schooner out of Gloucester. There was no way of reaching the boat, and Lively jumped her in Canada before she returned to her home port.

Ellis Parker had met his match. Here was a man as slippery as an eel, as resourceful as a demon. He had demonstrated his uncanny ability to cover his trail since the day of the crime, when he had hidden a grave beneath rubbish and cobwebs.

Many miles away, he now thumbed his broad nose at the famous Burlington County detective. Ellis Parker received a note from him. It read, in effect:

"Get off this case and let Marie [his wife] free or I'll come back and stick a knife in your heart."

The note bore no signature, but was in Lively's handwriting and was postmarked from Three Rivers, Ontario.

Hastily, though he knew it would be too late, Ellis Parker contacted Ontario officials. But Louis Lively had been gone from Three Rivers for more than a week. He had left the note behind to be mailed.

This indicated that he was being kept informed of developments back home. But by whom?

It was nearly October now, and though Louis Lively had again doubled on his backtrack and was once more in the United States (Ellis Parker had learned from Detroit authorities that he had managed to get across the border there), he had again vanished.

One day a white woman, who had been a prisoner at Moorestown jail and had grown friendly with Mrs. Lively, called there and asked if she might visit her. Ellis Parker planted a man in the next cell, then let the white visitor in for a chat. That chat, seemingly friendly and innocuous, told him nothing.

But when the white woman left, he had her trailed. She went to Bridgeton, where she promptly made her way to the home of a woman relative of Lively.

Parker now had the Bridgeton home of Lively's relative placed under twenty-four-hour watch. This surveillance uncovered only one unusual thing. Regularly the relative was receiving by parcel post baskets of grapes. Each time, she burned the paper wrapping and flimsy wooden baskets.

ONE day the white woman friend of Mrs. Lively visited the Bridgeton woman, then headed straight for the Moorestown jail for another visit. Again one of Ellis Parker's men hid in an adjoining cell. Again he heard nothing helpful.

But after the white woman had gone, Parker ordered Mrs. Lively taken out of her cell for exercise. During her absence he searched her cell.

He found two notes—both in Lively's handwriting. One, addressed to his wife, read:

"This thing has about blown over, so I'm going to slip home and see you all soon."

The other, addressed to the woman relative, read:

"You can look for me at 11:30 tonight. I's a going to make good to you for what you done for Marie."

Both notes were stained with the juice of grapes.

Ellis Parker knew now how Louis Lively was keeping in touch with his wife. But he was more interested in the fact that Lively was doubling back once more—returning home to the scene of his crime.

Obviously Lively had already come as close to home as Bridgeton, since he had promised, in the note, to see the woman relative there. By now, he must be very close indeed.

Parker called up the police near Moorestown, Bridgeton, and Vineland. Stretching the truth a little—he wanted to be sure they would take the news very seriously—he told each of them in turn:

"I have good information that Louis Lively is in your community. Think you can dig him out?"

With such a definite assurance, the police of half a dozen towns went eagerly to work. Two policemen in Vineland, Asa Wilson and James Florentino, scored.

They saw a man who resembled Lively pass them. They trailed him. Wilson jumped out of the car, ordered him to throw up his hands. Instead, he pulled a gun and put a nearly fatal bullet through Wilson's lung.

Florentino chased him to the edge of a wood, losing his own gun in the excitement. He dashed into a farmer's house, borrowed a shotgun, and plunged into the woods. There was only one shell in the gun. He saw nothing of the fugitive until the smirking little degenerate stepped out from behind a tree and sent a bullet within an inch of Florentino's ear.

Florentino fired hastily—and missed.

He had nothing between himself and death now but a fast brain. He put it to work.

"Lively," he shouted, "if you move from behind that tree I'll blow you to bits! You're licked and you know it. The rest of the cops will be here soon and so will a mob of people. When the people find out who you are, they'll gouge your eyes out and string you up!

"If you want to stay here and trade shots until they come, it's all right with me. But if you want to go in quietly, without being hurt, toss your gun out here and come out with your hands over your head."

There was a long silence. Then Lively's gun fell at Florentino's feet.

That dumb play was the finish of smart Mr. Lively.

Ellis Parker went to see him after he'd been indicted, and he confessed how he'd planned the murder of little Matilda Russo, sending his wife and son away the week before. The Saturday of the murder, he had hidden in the house all day, fixing the grave in the cellar. He had lured the child into the house by promising her a dish of sweet pudding. He had stunned her immediately by hitting her over the head with a club. After that . . .

He hadn't fled because he'd been convinced that no one would ever get anything on him, but after coming home and finding the door nailed shut, he'd become panicky.

He'd regained his incredible nerve, however, by the time he decided again to come home, for he had brazenly taken a train into Bridgeton in daylight, disguised as a woman. He must have walked past dozens of cops who, even then, were looking for him.

A jury made short shrift of Louis Lively, and over in Trenton they were getting ready to dust off the electric chair when Ellis Parker got word that lively Louis wished to see him before dying.

Ellis Parker sent word back that he'd be there.

IN the Trenton warden's office, Parker talked shop for half an hour, then got up, knocking the dead ashes out of his pipe, to go with the guard to visit Louis Lively.

Suddenly a startling thought occurred to Ellis Parker and his shrewd eyes went wide.

"Why, the infernal little schemer!" he said.

"Eh?" said the warden.

"Do me a favor," urged Ellis Parker. "I'm going back to see what Louie wants. But, first, will you have a couple of the boys give Louie and his cell a good shakedown?"

"Sure," said the warden, and nodded to the guard.

The guard came back presently, with another guard and with a crude knife, homemade but sharp as a needle, that had been fashioned out of a piece of heavy tin. The warden whistled. Ellis Parker grinned.

"He had it stuffed in his mattress," said the guard.

Ellis Parker went back to see Louis Lively. "Thinking of sticking that knife in me?" he asked.

"Right," conceded Lively cheerfully; "right through your heart!"

Ellis Parker saw Louis Lively the night they strapped the diminutive fellow's 125 pounds in the electric chair. Parker had seen plenty of electrocutions and found them all depressing. But he minded that one less than any of the others.

THE END

KOOLS ARE QUITE A CATCH!

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UNION MADE

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Wed's., 8:30 P.M., E.D.S.T., NBC Red Network.

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MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
REG U S PAT OFF
UNION MADE
SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
—REDEEMABLE—
BY THE UNDERSIGNED
For nationally advertised merchandise according to terms of premium catalog in effect at time of redemption. These packed with:—
BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO
COUPON
15¢
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BEAUTIFUL
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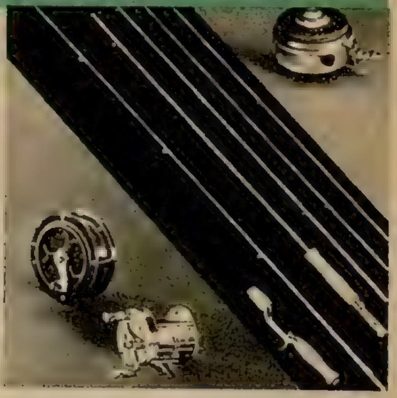
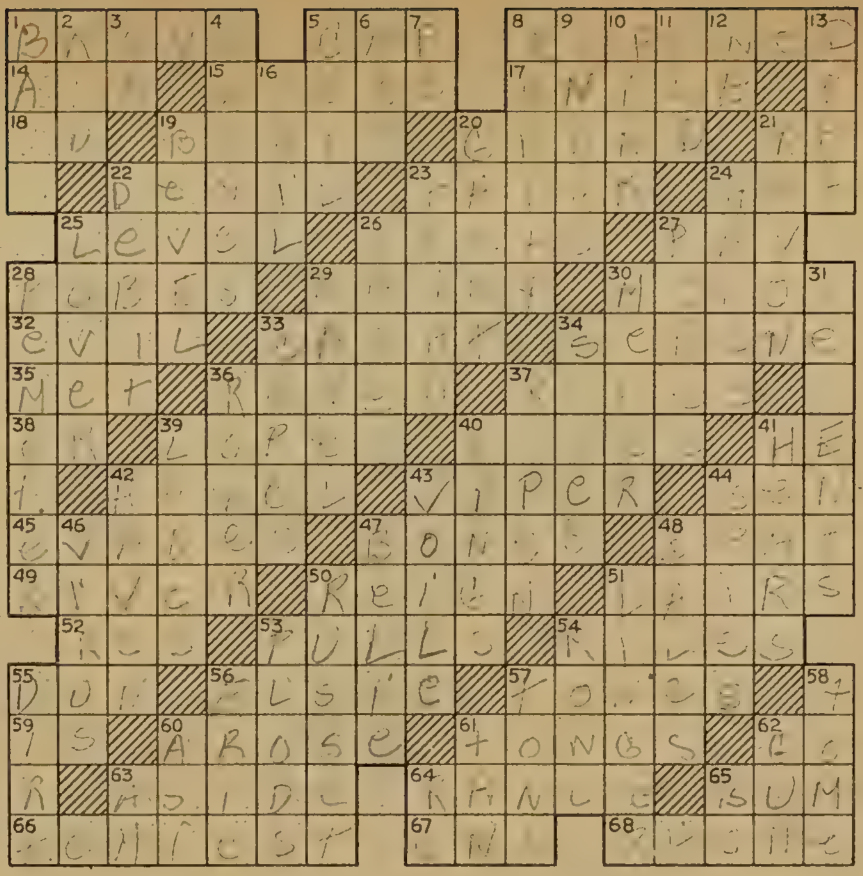
FREE. Write for illustrated 32-page B & W premium booklet, No. 14. Address the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.



Fishing Tackle. Shakespeare bait and fly casting rods and reels: 475—600 coup.

B & W COUPONS ALSO PACKED IN RALEIGH & VICEROY CIGARETTES; BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Western horse
5 Head covering
8 Matured
14 An appearance
15 Expiate
17 Imbecile
18 A fish
19 Plait
20 Magnificent
21 Egyptian deity
22 Malignant spirit
23 Ponder
24 Witch
25 Even
26 City in Greece
27 Recompense
28 Loose garments
29 Showery
30 American Indian
32 Bad
33 Measure of weight
34 Placid
35 Joined
36 Wandered
37 Ceremonies
38 A conjunction
39 Gallops
40 Goes horseback
41 Pronoun
42 Small, mean house
43 Venomous snake
44 Japanese coin
45 Avoids
47 Part of a skeleton (pl.)
48 A brief quarrel
49 Stream
50 Exercise sovereign power
51 Dens
52 The matter or thing (Latin)
53 Hauls
54 Stirs up
55 Grayish brown color
56 Woman's name
57 Regulates the tone of
59 Form of to be
60 Ascended
61 Chinese societies
62 Depart
63 Off the main way
64 Indian princess
65 Total
66 Storm
67 Printer's measure (pl.)
68 River in Switzerland

VERTICAL

1 Lade
2 Cause to be quit of
3 Either
4 Cuts up, as meat
5 Wind spirally
6 In addition
7 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
8 Something uncommon
9 Silly
10 A color
11 Ancient (poetic)
12 An element (symbol)
13 Pull
16 Appendage
19 Slope the edge of
20 City in Belgium
21 A silklike fabric
22 Charge
23 Trinity
24 Hell
25 Sweetheart
26 Responsibilities
27 Minute openings
28 More distant
29 Become untwisted
30 Measure of length
31 Joins firmly
33 Struggles
34 Faces of an object
36 Wanderer
37 Mature
39 Veins of ore
40 Circles
41 Gives attention to
42 Harbor
43 Thin dress material
44 Inspects secretly
46 Poison of an infectious disease
47 Give the lie to
48 Auctions
50 A kind of apple
51 Tarry
53 Works laboriously
54 Character in old Teutonic alphabet
55 Dinge
56 City in Pennsylvania
57 Measure of weight (pl.)
58 A volume
60 Viper
61 A color shade
62 Weapon
63 Exist
64 Prefix
65 Thus

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

S	T	O	K	O	W	S	K	I		G	A	R	B	O
U	R	N	■	Y	A	N	K	S		A	D	O	R	N
N	E	E	■	S	G	■	K	O		R	A	D	I	I
B	A	S	■	T	O	P	■	L	I	T			D	O
A	T	■	L	E	N	S	■	A	T	E		M	E	N
T	I	G	E	R	S	■	S	T	A	R		A	S	S
H	E	A	T	S	■	S	A	I	L	S				
S	S	S	S	■	E	N	V	O	Y	■	H	A	H	A
				S	P	O	O	N	■	T	U	B	E	R
A	G	E		L	A	W	N	■	F	O	R	E	S	T
L	L	D		E	C	W	■	B	A	A	L	■	P	E
S	A			U	T	H	■	I	T	S	■	H	E	R
A	M	B	I	T		I	S	■	I	T	■	E	R	I
C	O	A	C	H		T	H	E	M	E	■	R	U	E
E	R	N	E	S		E	M	B	A	R	R	A	S	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

HIGH SIGN

FOR A SWEET-RUNNING ENGINE THIS SPRING!

TO MILLIONS, that shield with the Flying Red Horse on it is a sign of carefree, economical motoring. That's where they stop for Mobilgas, America's favorite long-mileage gasoline. SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INCORPORATED.

Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM
Mobilgas

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

HARE OR TORTOISE BASEBALL

BY HUGH FULLERTON

New style or old? Which is best? Will 1938 decide?

BASEBALL fans have argued for thirty years as to the difference between National and American League baseball, and this year they are to be shown what the difference is and permitted to decide which they prefer.

The American League has always been ready to sacrifice defensive strength to gain hitting power, while the National has, for the most part, stressed defense and pitching. There have been exceptional years. The Chicago White Sox, under Fielder Jones, won by strong defense and pitching, with weak hitting. The Giants, under McGraw, won two championships by sheer power.

During the Ruthian era the National, stampeded by the popularity of Ruth's home-run hitting, strove to manufacture synthetic home-run hitters, and almost all teams were scouring the country for sluggers. The clubs shortened playing fields, built ball parks to permit long flies to become home runs, and adopted a ball so lively that even cross-eyed pitchers could shut their eyes, poke a bat at a ball and bunt it over a fence.

But, finding that the public, which had howled for home runs, wanted them to be legitimate hits, was wearying of lopsided scores, the owners commenced trying to tone down and standardize the ball, finding it almost as difficult as controlling inflation. They discovered that it was not so much the increased liveliness of the ball as the fact that the pitchers could not control it that made for long hitting.

It is an odd fact that every change of rules governing pitching in baseball history has been to handicap the pitchers, except the foul-strike rule. That was made to prevent skillful batters from delaying the game interminably. The pitchers, however, have overcome every handicap and become masters, until the tightly drawn, smooth cover with depressed seams stopped them, and the rules governing and forbidding roughening, smoothing, shining, or greasing the ball checked freak deliveries.

When this happened, batters commenced "taking toe holds" and "taking their swings," to use ballplayer English; and when a batter is "set" to hit and take a full swing, the ball is likely to go over any fence.

The National League, in the coming season, by raising the seams and doubling them, thus giving pitchers a better grip and control, will compel batters to "just meet it," instead of "swinging from the heels." It will tend to restore bunting, base running, and outfield throwing to the plate. The American League will continue swinging for home runs, and the difference in styles of play will be more marked than ever.

This manipulating of play by changing the ball is nothing new. In the early '90s the American Association used a lively ball, made by Reach, and the National League a deader one, manufactured by Spalding. The Association played more thrilling and harder-hitting, freer-scoring games. The National had closer scores, more extra-inning games.

Neither league was satisfied. Then the National voted to use a livelier ball, and the Association voted to return to a deader one. The style of play, pitching, hitting, and size of scores were reversed.

When Spalding took over the Reach business the ball was standardized. But in 1910, in midseason, a friend who worked in the factory told me they were making improvements, changing the method of winding the yarn and adjusting and sewing the cover. No announcement was made of any change, so far as I could learn.

That fall the Chicago Cubs and Philadelphia Athletics played the World Series, and the first ball hit to Joe Tinker, the Chicago shortstop, started the trouble. Tinker fielded the ball and threw to first. As the ball left his hand he shouted, demanding that the umpires examine the ball. Tinker claimed it felt differently and darted in the air like a pitcher's inshoot. The wrangle continued. The pitchers declared they could not manipulate the ball properly. Infielders claimed the ball bounded in a strange manner.

The second game brought more complaints. That night the players brought back half a dozen of the balls. We sawed them open and discovered the cork center, the yarn being wound tightly around a small core of cork. The cover was drawn more tightly and held for sewing by a thin rubber glue, and the seam was lower than in the National ball. It developed that the American League had been "experimenting" with the "improved" ball during the latter part of the season, and possibly had become accustomed to its use and adapted their batting to it.

The ball was an improvement but far from perfect. The new winding machines drew the yarn so tightly that sometimes the cork center was rendered lopsided, and when a ball with an eccentric core got into a game, it would dart and shoot like a dervish. The makers corrected the flaw by using a small rubber core with cork and a thin layer of rubber over the cork to prevent it from being forced out of shape. It was discovered that it is possible to make the ball livelier or deader by a simple adjustment of the winding machines.

The plaint of the pitchers, and of managers who have good pitchers, has been that the tightly adjusted cover and the depressed seams make it difficult for pitchers to get a good grip on the ball and so control it.

Tests by ballistic experts and batters show but slight difference in the resilience of the two balls to be used this year. But if the National pitchers can control the ball better and use curves that were impossible with the "rabbit ball," they will compel batters to shorten their swings.

In the National there will be many more close plays at home, more base running, and the sacrifice bunt will return to the strategy of play. In the American League, Gehrig, Greenberg, DiMaggio, et al, will continue to swing and drive the ball out of the lot.

THE END

Hotel Hostess

BY FAITH BALDWIN

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KINGHAN

WHEN her father commits suicide after having been robbed of his fortune by a trusted friend, Judith Gillmore takes her first job. She becomes hostess at the Rivermount Hotel in Hillhigh, a resort where her family once had a summer home.

There she sees a great deal of two men—Bert Wallace, a wealthy playboy whom she dislikes and who is determined to have an affair with her, and Bill Martin, a town boy who has become a doctor. Judy falls in love with Bill, but is not sure of his feeling for her. Betty Corbin, schoolgirl daughter of the manager of the hotel, also loves Bill and is jealous of his attentions to Judy. To help pass a dull and disappointing summer, she flirts with Saks Lewis, college-boy leader of the hotel orchestra.

After Labor Day many of the guests leave the hotel and Saks Lewis and his band depart. Judith's duties dwindle and Betty again turns her attention to the pursuit of Bill.

Then one day tragedy strikes. Judy is walking in the woods when the body of a man is found down by the river. She immediately sends for Bill Martin. When Bill arrives, she looks at the dead face, and recognizes it. The man is Frederick Benner, the so-called friend who caused her father's suicide.

Judy sways, and Bill catches her in his arms. She is unconscious, so she does not hear him when he leans tenderly over her and says, "Judith, my darling." But Betty, riding her mare along the riverbank, both sees and hears.

PART SEVEN—A PROPOSAL . . . AND A FLIGHT

OTHER people, led by the gardener who had found Mr. Carlin, came running across the grounds. Betty dismounted and cut across to join the group. She found Judith struggling back to consciousness and Bill busy with the man on the ground. But Betty was not interested in the accident—if it were an accident—to the hotel guest. She had seen the expression on Bill's face, she had heard his voice. It was enough.

Her father, summoned from his office, was waving her away. He called, "Go back, Betty. . . . And you too, Judith," he added, turning, seeing her stand finally, wavering a little, her hand against a tree trunk.

Bill rose from his knees. He said briefly to Mr. Corbin, "It's a case for the coroner. He died instantly—suicide, of course."

Judith exclaimed brokenly, and put the back of her hand across her mouth. The tears were running down her cheeks. "It was my fault," she managed to say.

Corbin went to her and put his arm around her. "You go back to the house with Betty. Please, my dear."

"You don't understand," she said a little wildly. "His name isn't Carlin at all. It's Benner . . . Frederick Benner. I didn't recognize him when he came here, he's lost so much weight . . . and he used to be clean-shaven. He knew me, of course, as soon as he set eyes on me. He—Benner—was my father's friend, Mr. Corbin . . . the one who took the money. He's been in prison . . ."

"Come back with us," said Corbin soothingly. "I'll have to telephone the police. This is a dreadful thing to have happened." He looked at Judith anxiously. "We'll try our best to keep you out of it."

Much later, when the coroner had come and gone, when they had removed the body and Benner's people had been notified—he had a sister and brother—Bill knocked on Judith's door.

"May I come in?" he asked.

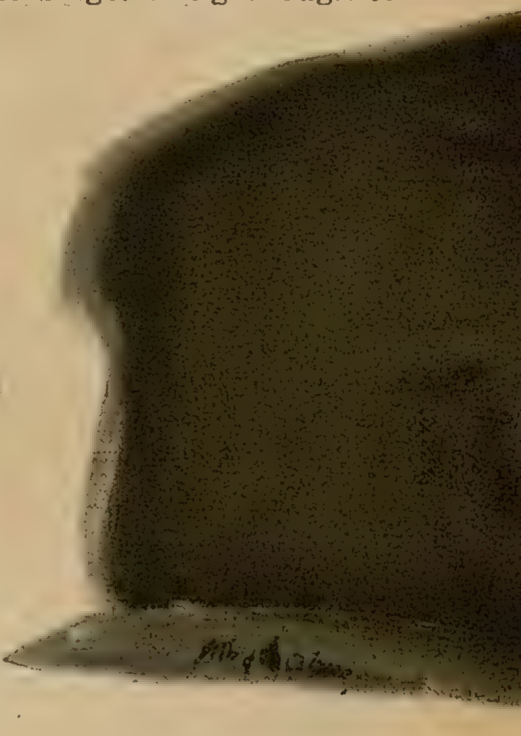
"Please do," she answered him, sitting up in bed.

"Still feeling rocky?" he inquired.

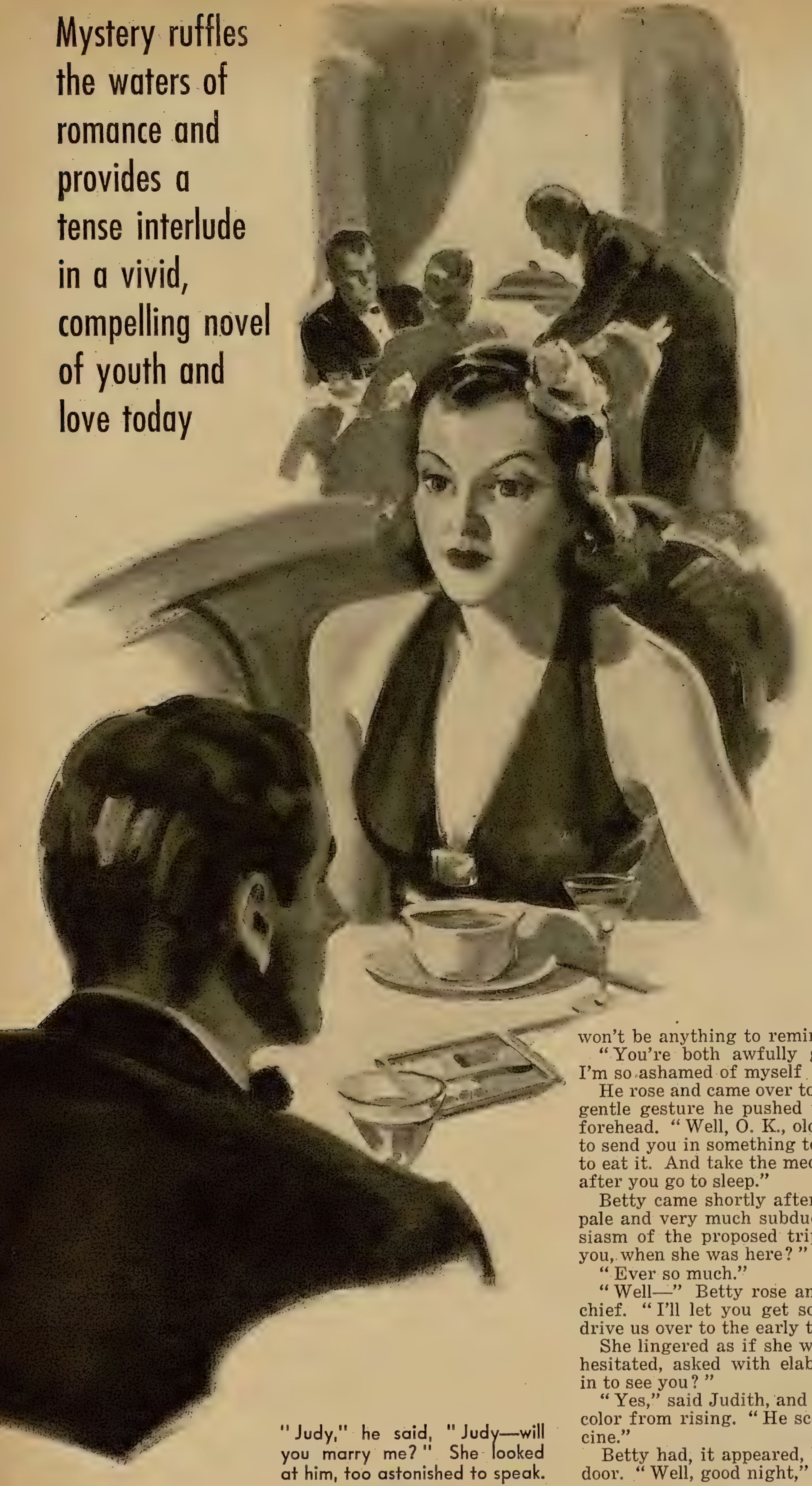
"Shaky. Recognizing him was the worst, I dare say. I don't know how I did. But there was just something. And I remembered, when I first saw him in the hotel, that he did look vaguely familiar. I remember now that he spoke to me for a moment the first night after he came. I asked him if I could do anything for him, and he said no, and thanked me and went off—"

"We've found out about him," Bill told her, sitting down in the chair by the window. "Mr. Corbin's been in touch with the authorities. Benner was released from prison, on probation, some months ago. Long enough to grow a beard, anyway," he added. "No one seems to know how he happened to come here."

"He's been here," said Judith, "a great many times. To Carcassonne. That's what brought him back. Thinking—remembering. He was fond of my father," she added miserably, "and when father killed himself he must have suffered agonies. Then, getting out of jail and coming back here, driven by some morbid compulsion, seeing Hillhigh again, perhaps, walking past Carcassonne and remembering the way things used to be. And seeing me. . . . That's why he killed himself, and as much as I've blamed him and hated him, I blame myself now for his death."



Mystery ruffles the waters of romance and provides a tense interlude in a vivid, compelling novel of youth and love today



"Judy," he said, "Judy—will you marry me?" She looked at him, too astonished to speak.

"Don't be sentimental," said Bill shortly. "It was probably the best way out for the poor devil." He rose and stood over her. "Did you take the sedative I sent you?" he inquired sternly. "And did you have lunch?"

"Yes, I took it. I'm all right. Just as I said, shaky. I'm afraid to sleep because I'm sure I'll have nightmares. But I don't want to eat again—ever."

He was too wise to argue with her. He said, "Well, you're going away. Tomorrow. Bright and early. So I'd advise you to sleep if you can. I'll leave you something which will insure a night's rest for you."

"Going away?" she gasped, and her black eyes were frightened, seeking his. "What—what—?"

"Don't worry," he reassured her. "Mr. Corbin's orders. Mine too. You won't want to see Benner's sister and brother, will you?"

"I know them quite well," she told him. "But I'd rather not see them. Oh, Bill, don't think me a coward."

"It's the last thought I'd have about you," he said. "Mr. Corbin and I felt you wouldn't want to see them, either. They'll be here as soon as they can. Then, there are reporters, of course. They're here now. Sooner or later they'll dig you up, in connection with this. So the idea is, you're to stay quietly in your room until very early tomorrow morning, when you will take Betty to Boston on a little trip. You'll both stay with her friend Marge—what's her name—Larkin, isn't it? Mr. Corbin has talked to Mrs. Larkin by telephone. When you come back to the Rivermount there won't be anything to remind you of this."

"You're both awfully good," she murmured, "and I'm so ashamed of myself . . . passing out like that."

He rose and came over to the bed. With an awkwardly gentle gesture he pushed the heavy red hair from her forehead. "Well, O. K., old-timer," he said. "I'm going to send you in something to eat after a while, and you're to eat it. And take the medicine I send. Betty will be in after you go to sleep."

Betty came shortly after dinnertime. She was rather pale and very much subdued. She spoke without enthusiasm of the proposed trip. "You liked Marge, didn't you, when she was here?" she asked.

"Ever so much."

"Well—" Betty rose and fidgeted with her handkerchief. "I'll let you get some sleep. . . . Father will drive us over to the early train . . ."

She lingered as if she wanted to say something more, hesitated, asked with elaborate casualness, "Bill come in to see you?"

"Yes," said Judith, and could not for her life keep the color from rising. "He scolded me, sent me some medicine."

Betty had, it appeared, lost interest. She went to the door. "Well, good night," she said listlessly.

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FOR YEARS, millions of mothers have given Ex-Lax to their children to relieve constipation . . . *"It's just the thing for youngsters,"* they said, *"so gentle and effective, and yet so easy to take"* . . . And now the word is spreading—Ex-Lax has been Scientifically Improved! America's most popular family laxative is *even better* than before! Better in 3 important ways:

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Ex-Lax is now even *more effective!* Empties the bowels thoroughly and more smoothly in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

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DON'T SUFFER FROM PERSPIRING, ACHING FEET

No need to let this warmer weather bring on foot discomforts. Insure all-day ease and comfort by dusting **Allen's Foot=Ease** on your feet, between the toes, and in your shoes each morning. A mildly antiseptic powder, **Allen's Foot=Ease** soothes tired feet, eases tight shoes, checks unpleasant odors and discourages common infections like "Athlete's Foot." In two economical sizes at Drug and Dept. stores. For Free Sample and Walking Doll address **Allen's Foot=Ease** Dept. B-5, Le Roy, N.Y. 114

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Allen's Foot-Ease

What in the world was wrong with her? Judith was, of course, aware that Betty's first youthful affection for her had waned. She believed she knew why. It couldn't be helped, no matter how wrong Betty was in her conjectures. But the child seemed so altered this evening. Probably the shock and excitement.

BOSTON was at its best in the crisp October weather, blue and gold. The Larkins' house was big and old-fashioned and comfortable. Marge was delighted to see Betty, and Mrs. Larkin, a very pretty woman of not much more than twice her daughter's age, welcomed Judith warmly and would not hear of gratitude.

"Marge has been pining for Betty," she said. "You know how youngsters are—their first autumn out of school. They have their longed-for freedom but don't know quite what to do with it. It looks, however, like a busy time ahead—with the football season and debutante parties. I'm at my wits' end about Marge. She considers herself the menace type, you know, and wants to make her debut in black velvet!"

She and Marge's big attractive father planned varied entertainment for their guests . . . pleasant drives out along the deserted beaches; a trip to Cambridge and tea in the rooms of Marge's brother, a Harvard senior; matinee and evening theater, and supper at the hotel where Saks was playing.

He was enchanted to see them, but Judith couldn't believe that he was as astonished as he seemed. Surely Betty had sent him word? But if she had, he was discreet, for he did not mention it. He maintained perfectly the fancy-seeing-you-here pose. And Betty, when he came over to their table between dances, turned immediately from a rather quiet, almost remote eighteen-year-old with all the conscious earmarks of a secret sorrow, to a casual and sparkling woman of the world.

Mrs. Larkin watched with much amusement. "Isn't it marvelous," she whispered to Judith, "the way the kids manage to treat their devoted swains—for Marge tells me he's very devoted—as long as they don't happen to care anything about them?" Her eyes followed Marge and Betty as they danced past the table with two young men who made up the party. "Marge tells me that Betty has a hopeless love," she went on. "All in capitals, my dear! Who is it—do you know?"

Judith said evenly: "Her doctor, probably."

"Oh, of course. I don't blame her at all," said Mrs. Larkin. "I could go for that young man myself. We went to the hospital often when Betty was ill, and I saw him. . . . But he's much too old for her, isn't he?"

"He's thirty," said Judith, "and Betty doesn't think him a day too old."

"How about him?" asked Mrs. Larkin.

"I haven't the least idea," replied Judith, a little shortly.

Mrs. Larkin, by no means a stupid woman, looked at her, put two and two together and made eight. She made a small secret face at her husband which meant, Jimmy darling, it's time you danced with our guest.

He did so at once. It was no hardship.

On the following morning Judith was luxuriating in breakfast in bed. Very like old times. No duties, nothing. She sat back against the pillows, her hair tied up with a wide ribbon, and a little jacket over her pretty gown. She regarded the tray, the delicate china and crystal, the rosebud in the little vase, with great satisfaction. A week in Boston, she decided, would make the life of a working-girl ever so much harder, no matter how pleasant the conditions under which she worked.

Some one knocked and came in. It was Clara Larkin, bearing a large square purple box.

"For me?" asked Judith, amazed.

"For you. This minute. Mind if I stop and watch your reactions as you open it?"

Violets, crowds of them, fresh, dewy, and scented with heaven. Judith buried her nose in them and sighed. Mrs. Larkin said critically, "To send violets to the guest of a pro-Harvard family is little short of an insult, but they go marvelously with your skin and hair."

JUDITH laid them back in the box and fished for the card. Who on earth? No one knew she was here except—Bill. They couldn't be from Bill! She hoped desperately that they were. She hoped they were not. Crazy creature, what an extravagance!

They were not. In silence she read Bert Wallace's note:

> No Rivermount for me this week-end [it said]. I phoned when I read about the Benner matter. Thought perhaps a friendly word might cheer you; must have been nasty for you, my dear. Corbin told me where you'd gone, so I came in on the last plane yesterday. How's for lunch with me today, or dinner or whatever meal your hostess will spare you . . . or shall I come call formally?

Judith made a little face. She gave the card to Clara Larkin, and explained. . . . "I've known him since I was an infant," she said. "His people had the next place to ours at Hillhigh."

"Tell him to come for tea," said her hostess. "Where's he staying? Oh, I see; the Ritz. I'll telephone him, if you like. And if you want to dine with him . . . we hadn't anything planned for you, specially. The youngsters were going off to dine and dance at the Fanny Henshaw party. So Jim and I thought we'd take you out. Of course we'll free you for your young man."

Bert came to tea, comported himself with merit, and the arrangements were made. He came back for Judith later, and as the evening promised to be clear and fine they drove out to South Sudbury for dinner . . . a pleasant drive in a luxurious and chauffeured car.

"You do things," said Judith at the old inn over an excellent dinner, "in the grand manner."

"Terribly upset, weren't you, by that Benner business?"

"Yes, rather," she told him.

"I wish you'd been spared it." He frowned and looked away. He'd sworn that this couldn't happen to him; but it was happening, and there was nothing that he could do to prevent it. You set out to break a stubborn girl to your will, and she wouldn't break, she wouldn't even bend. So you went away and forgot her—why not? the world was full of girls. But you found that they didn't interest you much.

Not Candace, even, with her little flat in town and her gold-digger proclivities. Bert rather admired her because of the way she handled things. Very cleverly. And she was quite beautiful, with a strong and heady appeal to the senses, like a heavy perfume.

He'd had a rather amusing time with her. It had entertained him to permit her to become fairly sure of him. It would entertain him even more when she found that she wasn't sure at all. He looked forward to that.

But Judith. He'd thought about her far too much for his own peace of mind. To his amazement, he found that desire did not always die from lack of fuel. He had had everything he'd ever set his heart on. Except Judith. And there was only one way. . . .

"Judy," he said, as they sat over coffee and cigarettes—"Judy, will you marry me?"

She looked at him a moment, too astonished to speak. He had paid her the highest compliment within his gift, the highest perhaps in any man's gift. And for Bert—the perennial bachelor!

She said gently, "I'm sure you don't mean that, Bert."

"I do. I don't know what you were up to when you said that you were out after marriage. Whether it was true or not, won't I meet your requirements? I'm young enough," he said, and smiled at her, "and they tell me I'm not repulsive to look at. I have all it takes to support a wife. My parents like you very much. The old man wrote me not long ago that on the day I marry a girl of whom he approves he will hand over half a million in gilt-edged bonds. . . . But that's neither here nor there. . . . I—"

"You make it very tempting, don't you?" she asked. "Or do you think you do? Am I really worth half a million in gilt-edged bonds and the sacrifice of your freedom, Bert?"

"I don't suppose any woman is," he replied calmly. "But from where I sit you seem to be. So, will you?"

She shook her head, smiling.

"I don't love you," she said.

"I love you," he told her, leaning closer, "enough for two. You—you would, after a while. I know I got off on the wrong foot with you, Judy. But if you could forget it—"

"I've already forgotten it," she told him, "long ago." She looked at him, her eyes dancing. She was not very sorry for him. She believed in his powers of recuperation. "And you have certainly made the amende honorable. But—no, thank you, I can't."

"It's Bill Martin," he said, scowling at her. "You can't deny it, can you?"

"No," she confessed after a moment, raising her eyes to his; "I can't deny it and I don't want to. I—"

"Then he—and you—"

"Don't jump at conclusions," she advised him. "He's not in love with me. If he were—well, I wouldn't marry him, either. You yourself know the reason; you advanced it once, didn't you? I couldn't do him any good. And he needs a wife who can help him. But whether or not I am in love with him isn't the point, Bert. The point is, I'm *not* in love with you."

"And never will be?" he persisted.

"And never will be," she agreed.

"I wouldn't be too sure. I may get you on the rebound. I won't give up!" he warned her.

SKID! SPIN! SWERVE!

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PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

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Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Oh, yes," she said evenly, "you will." She regarded him with level eyes. The color rose in her cheeks but her eyes were steady. "You don't love me," she said softly. "I doubt if you will ever love any one—much, except yourself. You—*want* me. That's different. And you know by now that you can't have me in any other way but marriage. So you think you are willing to pay my particular price. You wouldn't be—long. And it isn't my price. As far as you are concerned, I haven't any price."

BIRTH CONTROL CLINIC
merrylen

"You're crazy," he muttered, "and I'm crazy — about you."

"That," she said serenely, "just about covers it. Please" . . . she smiled at him again . . . "don't sit there and glower. Don't think I don't appreciate what you think you've offered me . . ."

"What do you mean, what I *think?*"

"You'll have to figure that one out for yourself," she told him. . . . "Hadn't we better start back now, Bert?"

All the way back to Boston he argued with her. He made plans, he did everything but draw maps. They could be married at once, quietly, out in Chicago at Aunt Emily's if she insisted. They could go South . . . or, if she preferred, California. Then back, to sail for England and be with his people there for a while before returning in the spring and house hunting. . . . An apartment in town, a place in the country.

Once she said: "It's all very alluring . . . but . . . it just doesn't add up to yes—Bert."

"You," he commented, "are the darnedest girl. I don't know why I put up with you. We don't get on at all. You irritate me. Sometimes I dislike you very much. I'd like to shake you!"

"You should," she said, and added hastily, "I didn't mean literally, Bert."

As he left her at the Larkins' door he said, "Well, as I told you before, I'm not quitting. See you tomorrow."

"I don't know what the Larkins have planned," she began . . .

"I'll call you," he said.

She noticed that the manservant who had admitted her seemed shaken out of his usual calm. When the door had closed behind Bert, he said, with agitation:

"Mrs. Larkin was called away, Miss Gillmore—"

Judith had her hands to her head, taking off her hat. She dropped it on a table and asked quickly: "What has happened, Leeds?"

"It's Mrs. Larkin's mother—an accident. Mr. and Mrs. Larkin left at once for New York. They are driving. There's a note here for you."

She read the note confirming the butler's report. She said, after a moment, "Mrs. Larkin doesn't say if she wishes me to take Miss Marjorie on to New York or see that she gets a train."

"No, miss. Mrs. Larkin couldn't get in touch with Miss Marjorie; there wasn't time," explained Leeds. "And she told me that you were to tell her when she came in. She doesn't want her to follow her unless, when she telephones tomorrow, she thinks it's necessary."

"I see. All right," she told him. "I'll wait up for her, Leeds. You may go to bed."

It was not yet very late. Judith, in her own pleasant room, took off her frock and brushed her hair. She put on a robe and settled down to wait for the girls, with a new novel. She thought, "If I go to bed I'll fall asleep." . . .

Eventually she dozed over her book, and, waking, found that it was nearly two o'clock. They will be coming home soon, she thought, stretching her cramped legs and arms.

She rose from the chaise longue and went over to the windows. While she was standing there, looking out, she heard the bell—ran out and downstairs to open the door. Marge was there, with one of the boys who had been with them the night before, but not Betty nor her escort.

Judith let them in. "Where's Betty?" she demanded.

"Betty?" Marge looked at her, open-mouthed. "But she came home ages ago!"

"Ages? What do you mean?" demanded Judith. "She isn't here."

"But, Spud,"—Marge turned to the astonished young man—"isn't that what she told us when she called us off the floor? She had a bad headache and if I didn't mind she'd go on home, she said. Pete Dragsted said he'd take her . . . he was ducking out anyway to go to the Hamlin party."

"That's right," said Spud.

Judith thought fast. Aloud she said, "Well, probably it's nothing to worry about. Maybe she went on to the Hamlin party with Pete."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Marge, yawning. "Last I saw of Betty, she was saying good night to Fanny. I should have gone with her," she said self-consciously, "but she wouldn't hear of it."

"It's late," Judith reminded her. "She'll be along soon."

Spud knew a hint when he heard one. "Well, toodle-oo," he remarked, and cocked his hat on the side of his blond head.

When he had gone and they were upstairs in Judith's room, Judith said: "Listen, Marge—I don't believe Betty went on to that party. We've got to find her. But first I have something to tell you—"

"Betty didn't . . . Oh, *Judith!*" cried Marge, her pretty face stricken, "what's happened?"

"Your grandmother is very ill," Judith answered, sitting down beside her, "and your mother and father have gone to New York." She gave her Mrs. Larkin's note, and Marge looked up, after reading it, her eyes full of tears. "Oh, poor granny!" she said. "Is it—very bad?"

"I don't know any more than you do. Just what the note says—that she had fallen and broken her hip. Now, we can't telephone at this hour and worry them about Betty. And I don't want to upset her father, if it's what I think it is. If it is, I could spank her. I could anyway! So you must help me, Marge. We must find Betty!"

"Where shall we start?" asked Marge, big-eyed. "I thought she'd been acting very funny. She was nervous as a witch all evening . . . has been ever since she went out shopping alone the other day."

"Do you think the Hamlin party is still going on?"

"I could call the hotel . . ."

"Do," said Judith. "Ask if they can page Pete what's-his-name and get him to the phone."

MARGE sat down at the telephone in Judith's room. After a short wait she was connected with the hotel. The party was still going on. But after a longer wait she was informed that Mr. Dragsted could not be found.

"Call his house," said Judith swiftly. "If you get him, tell him you are very sorry to disturb him at this hour but—yes, that's it—ask if Betty dropped her bracelet in his car. She wore one, didn't she?"

"Her graduation present, diamonds and sapphires," said Marge. "I fastened it for her."

"Ask him if he saw it. Tell him not to bother to look in the car tonight. We'll phone tomorrow. Just ask if he recalls her having it on . . . and then ask him to more or less retrace their steps . . ."

"I understand," said Marge quickly.

She called Pete. Judith listened nervously to Marge's side of the conversation, which didn't convey much.

"Well?" she asked as Marge hung up.

The youngster was white. "He said he saw the bracelet—"

"Never mind the bracelet—what about Betty?"

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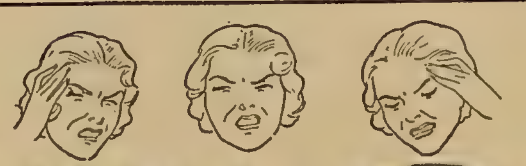

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"That was it. He said that she wouldn't let him drive her right up to the house, as he would have to turn again, to go on to the hotel. She made him let her off at the corner, across the street. He just got home a moment ago."

"That settles it," said Judith with determination. "He did bring her home, or almost home. But she had no intention of coming back. She has eloped with Saks Lewis."

"Saks Lewis!" gasped Marge. "But she won't even give him a—"

"I know," said Judith. She was dressing rapidly. "Get the Ritz on the telephone, ask to be connected with Mr. Albert Wallace . . ."

She couldn't call Rivermount—it would be hours before Mr. Corbin could reach them. By that time Saks and Betty would be married . . . or would they? Where could they be married—in what state—at this time of night? So many states had tightened their marriage laws.

Her heart was heavy with fear, but she found that her nervousness had left her. If Bill were only here—yet Bill was the last person to whom she could turn, in the circumstances.

Marge was talking: "Mr. Wallace, I'm calling for Miss Gillmore . . ."

Judith took the instrument from her. She said swiftly, "I'm sorry, Bert, but I need your help. Can you get over here to the Larkin house as soon as possible?" . . .

When she had hung up, she called the hotel at which Saks played for dancing. The grill was closed at this hour, but she talked to an intelligent night clerk. Yes, they had midnight closing on Saturdays. No dancing after midnight. No, Mr. Lewis did not live in the hotel, but he could get her the address. She waited until he had read it to her, then thanked him and hung up.

"Saks must have left there something just after midnight," she told Marge, "and then come here to wait for Betty. They have over two hours' start . . ."

"What are you going to do?" asked Marge, half crying, watching Judith make herself ready for the street.

"Find them as soon as possible."

"Would Mr. Corbin be wild if she married Saks?" asked Marge.

"He probably wouldn't like it. There isn't anything against Saks, of course; he's a nice boy, really," said Judith. "But Betty doesn't want to marry him."

"You mean she's in love with Dr. Martin," said Marge. "Of course!"

"Oh," said Judith, exasperated, "I can't understand her!"

"But she knows that Dr. Martin's in love with you, Judy," said Marge.

"She knows nothing of the kind!" cried Judith, whirling on her. "I can't help what she thinks . . . it's all so idiotic. I can't have her running off, marrying a boy she doesn't love, because of what she thinks." . . .

"But she told me," persisted Marge—"I'm her very best friend and she told me—she saw you in Dr. Martin's arms; he was kissing you and—"

Judith stood stock-still and stared at her. "There isn't a word of truth in that, Marge," she said, too stunned to say more.

"But why would she . . .? Oh, there's the bell!"

"Run down," said Judith, "and let him in. I'll be right there."

Following Marge, she thought: If Betty said that? But she couldn't. She had no reason. Or *had* she seen some one . . .? Whom had she seen . . . in Bill's arms . . .? There wasn't any one. Or—was there?

Bert was in the hall, looking bewildered but ready for emergency. And Judith explained as briefly as possible. "Marge," she concluded, turning to the younger girl, "you'd better go to bed. If your mother calls—there is no use upsetting her—simply say that we've returned to Rivermount. I will explain it to her later. But I hope I'll be back with Betty long before then." She stooped and kissed the girl's round cheek.

"Stiff upper lip," she recommended. "You've been—swell. If you're afraid to be alone, wake Mrs. Leeds and have her sleep in Betty's room. I'll call you as soon as possible."

She turned to Bert. "Let's go," she said.

"Taxi waiting," he told her. "Where to first?"

"To Saks Lewis' hotel," she answered.

Is Betty with Saks? Has her jealousy driven her to the arms of a man she does not love? In the coming installment, Judy faces a ticklish situation, and returns to Hillhigh to meet a new shock. Read next week's Liberty!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 32

1—Charles Spencer Chaplin.

2—The rose.

3—Abner Doubleday supplied the bases; Alexander J. Cartwright introduced the diamond; but the basic game apparently evolved from a combination of two English games, rounders and cricket.

4—Pyrethrum.

5—His sweetheart.

6—Kentucky.

7—To whiten dirty or overly yellow clothes.

8—Nicholas II.

9—James.

10—He was too poor to hire models.

11—Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

12—Liberty.

13—A patented overshoe.

14—Because anger halts the digestive processes.

15—No, but the recipe includes both salt and water among its ingredients.

16—Henry Ford.

17—Germany and Italy.

18—Sonja Henie.

19—Frank Parker.

20—

H Morgenthau Jr

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

How to Dress on $500 a Year

Once more the author of 'Orchids on Your Budget' gives you a guide to chic

BY MARJORIE HILLIS

who wrote "How to Dress on $250 a Year"

Going through $500 wisely isn't easy.

NOT long ago I let myself go on the subject of dressing well on $250 a year, which may make you wonder why I should bother about the problem of accomplishing the same feat with all of $500. Any one can see, you may well be thinking, that all you have to do is buy twice as many clothes or get the same number and pay twice as much for them. In that case, I might add, you should also be twice as chic. But are you? Not, I fear, if you follow either of those two systems.

The truth is that when you are trying to dress well on $250 you're in the position of a beginner learning to ride horseback. You're pretty good if you stick on at all. But when you have $500 a year for clothes you get into the class of the rider who ought to be worrying about such details as good hands and a good seat.

On the first budget, all you can do is to look trim and in the mode, without much distinction and with practically no distinctions, other than those of day and evening. On the second budget you can be a glamour girl and a tailored woman, with a few variations between. The sum may not be enormous, but my guess (purely a guess, but based on the fact that over 96 per cent of all the women's shoes sold in this country cost under $7 and 97 per cent of all the dresses cost under $20) is that not three women in ten have that much to spend on clothes.

If you have it, you're in pretty exclusive society.

And there's a *noblesse oblige* in the matter of clothes as in everything else. On this budget you're out of the class where a dress is just a dress, smart or otherwise. It's a dress for the country or a dress for town; a dress for a luncheon or for the office or for a club meeting or for all three. Everything worn with it belongs or doesn't belong.

In other words, on $500 a year it isn't merely true that you *can* dress pretty well—you *ought* to dress pretty well. But you have to know how. You may have a larger clothes allowance than the average, but you're a long way from one that will let you go haywire. Mistakes are still extravagances, if not catastrophes, and fashion wisdom is still just as good as cash.

It's a good plan to know, for instance, that you are now in a position to buy one or more of those classic garments that are authoritative enough in their cut and workmanship to be smart for several years and that are the most aristocratic backgrounds for shifting fashions—such garments as a really well tailored suit, or a sports coat of an imported monotone tweed, or an evening wrap of a good quality velvet. These classic clothes are always an economy, though an economy few women can afford on a smaller budget, because of the initial investment.

If you're fashion-wise enough to know such clothes from the tricky little models that have their chic and cease to be in a few short months, you might set aside $70 in the autumn for a suit one year and a sports coat the next, and $50 in the spring for an evening wrap one year and for a small fur scarf another. You've got something there, and you'll have it for several years, which will give you leeway for a little splurging.

The next variation from the smaller budget might well be in the matter of lingerie; for the truth is that you have to be pretty down-to-earth in your underpinnings when you dress on $250 a year. This larger budget won't allow any bureau drawers foaming with pink satin and lace, to be sure, unless you're lucky at Christmas, but there can be adequate well cut though simple lingerie and a couple of reasonably alluring negligees. In fact, there ought to be, for you can afford to spend around $50 for underwear, not including an additional $18 for stockings. And it's only a very clothes-unconscious female who hasn't discovered some pet place where she gets an occasional elegant negligee for seven or possibly five dollars at sales.

With these variations, and the added fact that it isn't so necessary for almost everything to be somewhat nondescript in purpose—equally wearable, that is, from breakfast to and sometimes even through dinner—the same general rules apply to all wardrobes except, perhaps, the one with no limits whatever.

One rule is, of course, that any wardrobe ought to be planned down to the last pink panties, and the plan written out and stuck to, like a menu for a public banquet. Another, which has been said so many times that it's getting as familiar as The Night Before Christmas, is that it ought to be planned around a color scheme. A third is that you have to make your own plan to fit your own life—and you know the rest as well as I do.

Getting down to brass tacks, we have already disposed of $188 of our

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$500 in a couple of grand gestures. The trick is to live up to the gestures on what's left.

You still need a winter coat, and you should be able to spend $60 for it. Since it should last two years, the same sum can be used in alternate years for a spring coat and for beach clothes. The coat should set your color scheme, as it does on a smaller budget; but since you have a sports coat too, it needn't be so betwixt and between in formality. And for this not-to-be-sniffed-at sum you ought to be able to find one with flattering fur trimming, provided, that is, that fur trimming is flattering to you.

Dresses will be your next problem, and you might pay $30 for a best daytime dress in the autumn, and buy three more at about $15 each. It's a good idea to get one of these late in the winter, when the others begin to look tired, and to follow it up with a print when warm weather comes. With two cotton dresses at about $8 each, and three dresses for evening (at least two with jackets, and one perhaps of cotton), totaling $45, you should be well supplied. It's not always easy to find exactly the dresses you want, with the simplicity that is so much more expensive-looking than fancy cut and trimming, but they are somewhere in the shops, and at your price. And if you don't know by now that they all ought to be planned to be worn with your coats, and to look it, there's no use in my telling you. "Casual" may be the word for some types of smart costumes, but "accidental" and "haphazard" have never yet been words for anything but dowdiness in a costume.

THIS seems like the bulk of the wardrobe, and so it is. But it isn't the bulk that counts most for chic these days. It's the little things that give you away as a lady of taste or one without, or perhaps not even a lady. You might buy the most expensive navy-blue wool tailored suit in the shops, and then add a henna silk blouse, slightly sleazy and with fagoting, and the wrong shoes and hat, and look no better than if your suit came out of a not very good bargain basement.

This doesn't mean that accessories need be expensive, but it does mean that they should be hunted down carefully, as a stamp collector hunts odd stamps. It's a lot of trouble, and no one article can tell you where to look or what to look for, beyond vague advice that everything ought to have a "good" look and a very special chic. Blouses should look tailored, or else *very* fluffy, and have trim high necklines. Sweaters should be firmly knitted and fit well. Bags should have bulk and importance and either no trimming at all or trimming that's simple and unusual—never dinky fanciness! Keeping these facts in mind, you might allow $20 for two blouses and a sweater, $12 to cover four bags, and do very well indeed. It would be a pity not to do well in these particulars, because they will accompany the suit, which is one of the bulwarks of style in your wardrobe.

There is no single detail in which you can get more chic for less money, or less chic for more money, than a hat. You can do the first, that is, if you know what's what. If you don't, it's just too bad, because, also, hats have a curious effect on the impression strangers get when they meet you. A grim felt hat can make a scatterbrained woman seem efficient as no six other garments could hope to, and a high-riding model can give an effect of staid conventionality that nothing short of a story I hope you wouldn't tell could break down.

ALL this being true, it's a good idea to cultivate a feeling for hats. For, once you have it, you needn't spend much money on them. (And if you haven't it there's not much use in spending it anyway). In hats, it's the effect that counts, as is so often said of other things, erroneously. The effect is greatly influenced, incidentally, by whether or not the hat fits your head—the great talking point of those rooting for expensive millinery, but a detail as possible in a cheap hat as an expensive one, though rarer. If you're willing to take the trouble to look for the right hats, both gay and practical, you ought to be able to get the five or six you'll need for $25 and have at least one to make heads turn in the Colony Restaurant or its local equivalent. (It's wiser, of course, not to have all of them so spectacular.)

There are still shoes, gloves, and whatnots to be accounted for. The first should be covered by $30, including one inexpensive pair for evening and one for summer and three more expensive ones for general wear. As a matter of fact, this allowance enables the talented bargain follower, who sniffs out the best sales like a beagle, to buy more than that. As to gloves, my own opinion is that one pair of the best non-crockable, open-seamed antelope gloves in the winter is a good investment. They cost around $5, and with one pair of $2 suède gloves and about three pairs of washable fabric gloves costing around seventy-five cents each, the glove problem is solved for less than $10.

There is about $20 left over for whatnots, and they are the fun and the fillip—provided, that is, that they are not banalities, which can spoil any costume. The belt in a surprising color to give variety to your black dress; the enormous crisp carnation made out of three from a ten-cent store; the occasional bit of jewelry from the same emporium that looks as if it came from a solid-gold jeweler's; the gay quilted jacket discovered in a serve-yourself store in the nether regions of town—these are spice for your wardrobe and triumph for your soul. Or, at any rate, they should be.

As you see, it isn't difficult to dress on $500 a year. It isn't difficult to do it smartly—or simply terribly!

THE END

Hollywood Discovers the 'Teen Age

With Mickey Rooney's help, a rich new mine of entertainment is made to produce a picture at once touching and hilarious

By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT   2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR   0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ½ JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN

THE PLAYERS: Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden, Betty Ross Clarke, Ann Rutherford, Robert Whitney, Jacqueline Laurent, Ruth Hussey, Jonathan Hale, Janet Beecher, Leonard Penn. Screen play by Kay Van Riper, based upon the characters created by Aurania Rouverol. Directed by George B. Seitz. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 80 minutes.

ADAM and Eve alone being the only humans who ever reached adulthood without being adolescents, it is one of those bewildering oversights that Hollywood has only recently discovered this intermediate age. Now that it has found it, however, a rich new mine of entertainment has been opened up, giving rise to a group of pictures, admittedly folksy, inexpensive, and small-townish, yet immensely tender and funny.

Representative of this cycle are the Hardy family, herein featured. They are as American as griddle cakes with maple syrup, and similarly wholesome and sweet. This time they are in Washington, whither Judge Hardy has been called, to head a government conference on utilities. Marian, the daughter, gets caught in the wiles of subtle lobbyists and thereby nearly ruins her father's career. Andy, the fifteen-year-old son, suffers the allurements of his first flirtation with a foreign charmer, a demure little French girl. The way in which the family retreats to safety from these twin dangers is at once touching and most hilarious.

Mickey Rooney is flawless in reproducing in the figure of Andy that monstrous yet lovable creature who is today's young male.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is No. 3 in the Judge Hardy Kiddie Series. Others were A Family Affair and You're Only Young Once. The Hardys are M-G-M's attempt to keep up with the successful Jones Family, those Grade B parvenus of the Fox lot. . . . The venerable Lewis Stone composed the Jedge out of life—a real judge, a 10-bekidded rancher, a college ethics prof, a father confessor army captain, and his own ranch gardener, who philosophizes as he hoes along. Lewis has been trouping around Hollywood now for 27 years; once shot rabbits where Hollywood Blvd. now tries to outshine 14th Street. . . . Mick Rooney, otherwise Joe Yule, Jr., of Brooklyn, has just turned 17, has been somewhat educated by a raft of tutors, studio schoolmarms, and the Pacific Military Academy. A junior tennis and ping-pong champ, Mickey rides, swims, badmintons, hockeys, and is good at all sports. . . . Ann Rutherford's of Toronto. Her paw once sang as John Guilberti for the Metropolitan. She's up to the majors from the quickie studios; has bridged the difficult gap from childhood to adult acting pretty neatly. . . . Honey-blonde Cecelia Parker's another Canuck. Her paw was an officer at Fort William, Ont., and in England during the Great War. She's unmarried, is a fearless horsewoman. . . . Betsy Ross Clarke has red-white-and-blue blood, played silently with the old Ince muggers, later got herself a name along Piccadilly, might be a star in England today but she got homesick for Yankee ways. This is her first talkie role; she plays the ahnt. . . . Debutting Robert Whitney's another one of the Robert Taylor threats, is being groomed on Taylor's own home grounds. Whitney's of San Francisco, is a Theatre Guild graduate to Hollywood.

★ ★ ½ THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

THE PLAYERS: Robert Montgomery, Virginia Bruce, Warren William, Binnie Barnes, Alan Dinehart, Harry Davenport, Nydia Westman, E. E. Clive, Torben Meyer, Bodil Rosing, Irving Bacon. Screen play by Melvilla Baker from an original story by Norman Krasna. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 70 minutes.

SOME day a courageous producer is going to make an honest story of the married woman in business and the problems which confront her in adjusting her career to her love life. But this week's two attempts to face that situation result in such routine and inconclusive solutions as to weaken the great essential interest this theme possesses.

In The First Hundred Years Virginia Bruce is a highly successful actors' agent, married to Robert Montgomery, a shipbuilder of very modest salary. When he gets a chance to go to a New England shipbuilding town, thereby to augment his income slightly, and she cannot see sacrificing her rich revenue to accompany him, Bob and Virginia separate. They even start divorce proceedings. But money and decrees cannot stop them from loving. They yearn and yearn for each other. Then comes a discovery that baffles our very worldly heroine. It seems she is going to have a baby. Bob bounds back. Biology wins.

The sleepily lovely Miss Bruce gives

Binnie Barnes, Robert Montgomery, and Virginia Bruce, the career-wife in The First Hundred Years.

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(Unsolicited letter from Mrs. Mary Zeolle, 56 Hotchkiss St., Jamestown, N.Y., Mar. 18, 1938)

"WORKED WONDERS FOR ME!" "I suffered with stomach trouble for four years -- tried several kinds of medicine which did not help me. Then I started taking Crazy Crystals and it has worked wonders for me. I eat well and sleep well."

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CRAZY WATER CO., Dept N-4, Mineral Wells, Texas

a very feminine and delicate performance. Warren William and Alan Dinehart are amusing as her men friends, while Mr. Montgomery ambles through in his usual mood of wise-cracking petulance.

VITAL STATISTICS: Producer-Author Norman Krasna used to be an office boy on the old New York World, press-agented his way from $35 a week at Warner's to $1,500 a week at M-G-M. He sold the yarn for Fury for $15,000, didn't have a line on paper, or an ending. Just told it to Producer Joe Mankiewicz. . . . Rob Montgomery's Hollywood's leading liberal along with the Freddie Marches. Was a leading factor in putting over the SAG (Screen Actors Guild), which just about has the producers where it wants them. Rob's a Beacon, N. Y., boy, is farm-crazy. . . . Miss Virginia Bruce Briggs used to be a Ziggie Folliesienne, has a dotter by late husband John Gilbert. . . . The dress extras in the phony Stork Club and Pierre Roof scenes preferred to relax between scenes by dancing rather than sitting out, the swing was that ickey. . . . Warren William Krech has imitated the Barrymores so long, he's beginning to look like John. . . . Megger Thorpe refuses to shoot love scenes before 3.30 P. M. Thinks nobody is in amorous shape before that time. Conway says the weather determines love, rainy days produce a poor brand of romance; says Taylor and O'Sullivan almost froze to death while making love in England during A Yank at Oxford.

★ ★ WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT

THE PLAYERS: Kay Francis, Pat O'Brien, Ralph Forbes, Herbert Rawlinson, Gordon Oliver, Melville Cooper, Thurston Hall, John Eldredge, Phyllis Claire, Grant Mitchell, Georgia Caine, Sarah Edwards, Edward Broadley, William Hopper, Loia Cheaney, Josephine Whittell, Bernice Pilot, Joyce Compton, Harry C. Bradley, Hugh O'Connell. Screen play by Horace Jackson from a story by Albert H. Z. Carr. Directed by Stanley Logan. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 90 minutes.

HERE, again, is the attempt to depict the successful business woman. Here, once more, love conquers all, but why or whereby is never understandable.

On her wedding day Miss Francis stands up fiancé Ralph Forbes to elope with advertising man Pat O'Brien. Back from their honeymoon, Kay's father confesses to Pat that he has absconded with most of his firm's money. Pat, to cover papa-in-law, puts up all his own stock and offers to work free. Then he takes to drink. Kay, trying to save him, sends Pat abroad. Alone, she succeeds magnificently, till Pat comes back and goes into business against her. He is immediately terrific; ruins her trade. Kay, quite naturally piqued, is about to marry Forbes once again, when she and Pat meet at her lawyer's to discuss their divorce and fall in love once more. What becomes of Forbes, what becomes of papa and the money, is lost in the general fog.

The acting is very bad, too.

VITAL STATISTICS: Kay Francis has grown a bit more cordial recently to photographers, still snoots the pesty autograph hounds, and grants one day biannually to the gentlemen of the press for an "informal chat." She hates being termed a clotheshorse, looks on movies merely as a way of earning cakes and ale. . . . Pat O'Brien screen-debutted in Front Page, has never been to Ireland but has been mistaken for the map of it. He dresses well but isn't a Beau Brummell, shuns soup-and-fish or tails except when absolutely necessary. He's married to ex-actress Eloise Taylor. They always visit stage door where they met when passing through Chicago. . . . Melville Cooper's of Birmingum, England, had four years of the World Mistake, spent one of them in a German prison camp. Claims to have no accomplishments, can't whistle, leans to the whimsical, says he cawn't spell his suppressed desire. His pet economy's golf balls, he tries to make them go a long way. Is married to Henglish hactress Rita Page. . . . Gordon Oliver's California grown, wants to write as well as he can act, is an exercise fiend. He likes beefsteak and books over 4 inches thick, has two mongrels, can't abide pedigreed dorgs, collects phonograph records. . . . Ralph Forbes has become an accomplished heroine hisser. Once married to Ruth Chatterton, he's now Heather Angel's, they get on angelically, in case you keep up with such things. . . . Startling News: Pat O'Brien carries Kay Francis up one of those 200-stepped sweeping staircases, reaches the top with her, and does not drop her over the railing! Made right smack in the middle of the Screwball Era, this took terrific restraint! Pat almost dropped Kay from force of habit!

★ ½ STOLEN HEAVEN

THE PLAYERS: Gene Raymond, Olympe Bradna, Glenda Farrell, Lewis Stone, Porter Hall, Joseph Sawyer, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Douglas Dumbrille, Bert Roach, Esther Dale, Rolfe Sedan, Ferdinand Schumann-Heink, Hooper Atchley. Screen play by Eve Greene and Frederick Jackson. Based on a story by Andrew L. Stone. Directed by Andrew Stone. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 90 minutes.

EVEN as a mere babe in arms we were taught that the less said about some things the better. Therefore—

Stolen Heaven is a gentle bore starring Gene Raymond and Olympe Bradna as a pair of jewel thieves who pose as entertainers. Attempting to escape the police, they come upon the rose-bowered cottage of an old pianist. There they hide, but as the old gentleman plays and plays, they repent more and more.

Catch on?

VITAL STATISTICS: What the gangster and the disease germ is to Warners, the headline to 20th Century-Fox, the droring room to M-G-M, the jewel thief is to Paramount. Lubitsch started pearls disappearing in his plots some years back; since then millions of $$$ worth of baubles flit through Paramount scripts. Studyo's had to put in a synthetic paste works to make plot jools. . . . Olympe (O-lamp) Bradna is French, of theatric parents (they ran a combination dog, dancing, and singing act around France), was brought up mostly on the Folies-Bergère stage as a petite danseuse. Only 17, she's been thoroughly chaperoned throughout her life by her parents, has never had a date with a gent, or even a boy, is ostensibly kissed herein for the first time in her whole French life by Gene Raymond. . . . Glenda Farrell recently saw New York through a head cold on her first vacash in years; has just severed from Warners after 5 pacted years. She's of Enid, Oklahoma, is half Irish, half German. . . . Gene Raymond had to darken his native blond handsomeness about 4 shades deeper to look more crooked in this part. . . . Lewis Stone is a gentle old pianist in this, doesn't play a note, had to take lessons in holding his hands over the keyboard properly, liked it so much he will continue lessons. Off screen he is gentle in speech and action, he cares little about the turbulent condition of the world today, pays little attention to politics and economics, would do in war as told.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mad About Music, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling.

★★★—There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady.

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Streamlined train operated jointly by So. Pacific, Un. Pacific, and Chi. & N'western RRs.

THERE'S still time to win your 1938 vacation travel from the mileage that Liberty will award in this great contest. If you have not begun your entry, get into the game right now. Time is getting short. There are only two more weeks to go. Briefly, the basis of the game is to unscramble the jumbled names into the names of well known vacation places. Thus the jumble YONLOWTESEL can be solved into YELLOWSTONE. So it is with each of the jumbles on Coupon 8 on this page. Solve them and then clip and save the coupon pending the close of the contest. Be sure to read the rules so that you understand the conditions of the game. Incidentally, all jumbles refer to vacation points in the United States and Canada only.

Now, if you are just entering the game and have not saved the preceding seven coupons, you can obtain reprints in order to bring your entry up to date. Just mail a request to the address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing.

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THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names, each of which, when the letters are rearranged in correct order, will form the name of a well known vacation resort.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list your solutions for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than one hundred words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

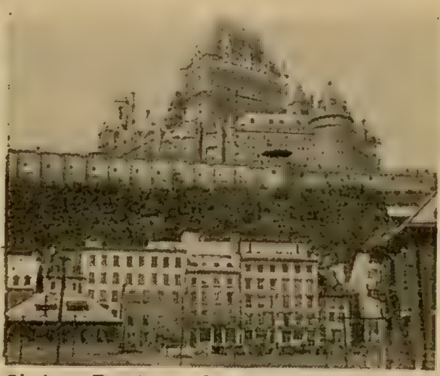
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be adjudged the best and will receive the First Prize of 25,000 miles of transportation figured at two cents a mile. In the order of their excellence on this basis, vacation mileage will be awarded to the next best entries as follows: Second Prize, 12,500 miles; three Third Prizes, 5,000 miles each; ten Fourth Prizes, 2,500 miles each; and twenty-five Fifth Prizes, 900 miles each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resort Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 8, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

Lake Crescent, Wash.


Chateau Frontenac, Que. Can. Pacific photo.

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JOAN CRAWFORD'S SECRETS

Afraid of

—THE STORY OF A

Joan Crawford

Lucille LeSueur and Harry Rapf display her new name, chosen in a fan-magazine contest.

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

FROM a lonely child, embittered by poverty, Joan Crawford grew into a wild noisy girl who turned to cheap dance halls for pleasure after tedious days behind a notions counter. Finally, determined to "be somebody," she got a job dancing in a night club. From there she went into the chorus of a New York show, where she was seen by an M-G-M talent scout and given a contract in Hollywood. Now Miss Albert tells the story of her early movie trials and triumphs.

Weary days, wild nights, heartache, laughter, love—The truth about a reputation that nearly led to ruin

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

WHEN she is working Joan Crawford usually lunches in her dressing room on a light meal brought from her home. One day recently she went to the commissary on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

She looked out across the room. An extra girl was leaving for another grueling afternoon beneath the hard studio lights. She was wearing a low-cut evening dress and no coat, although it was a cold day. Joan turned to the friend with whom she was lunching. "Look at that kid," she said. "She should be wearing a coat, but she doesn't because she wants to show off her figure and make the men look at her." Joan paused. Then she laughed. "I know because I used to do the same thing."

Yes, Joan used to do the same thing. Looking at this girl, laughing too loudly, swinging her hips, Joan saw herself, the self that had existed eight years ago.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is located in a bleak, wind-swept hamlet called Culver City. Soon after her arrival in Hollywood, Joan's two small bags were dropped at the Culver City Hotel, where Harry Rapf's secretary, who had met her, suggested she stay. They went on to the studio at once.

Such celebrities as Mae Busch, John Gilbert, and Eleanor Boardman were pointed out to Joan. The names meant nothing, since she had never seen them on the screen, but the vitality of the studio excited her. She signed her contract and next day appeared for her "acting" test.

The idea of acting terrified her. During the first part of the test she was to cry. That was easy. She had felt like crying from nervousness and exhaustion ever since she arrived. But when she was asked for a gay scene, she could not quiet the tears. The test director was impatient. But, fortunately for the future of Joan Crawford, the electrician on the set was a little redheaded Irishman named Tommy Shagrue, with a heart as big as Erin and a smile like a tropical sun. In his youth he had hoofed it in vaudeville. Tommy went now to the weeping girl. "You're a dancer, aren't you?" She nodded.

"Look," he said. "Bet you can't do this one." And he cut loose with a buck and wing.

He had touched Joan in a vital spot. "Bet I can." She was on her feet at once, following the step.

"Well! Can you beat that!" said Tommy in mock admiration. "But—say—bet you can't do this one."

Before she realized what was happening, the tears had gone and she was laughing. "Now!" Tommy whispered suddenly. "Go in there, kid, and do your scene. Give it everything you've got."

Ray Sterling, the boy who believed in her when she needed belief, an unknown man on a train who gave her a lift in a taxi, Tommy Shagrue, a thirty-five-dollar-a-week electrician—what strange props to a career!

Her first part was that of a chorus girl in a picture called Pretty Ladies, with ZaSu Pitts and Lilyan Tashman. Next to her in the line was a girl named Myrna Loy, who wanted desperately to be a star.

After Pretty Ladies, Joan doubled for Norma Shearer, and there was other extra work, all of which utterly baffled her. She did what they told her to do adequately enough; but, as always, she wanted to do more. That driving powerful ambition which had sent her to Chicago with just four dollars, which had pushed her into Ernie Young's office, which had made her work in the chorus twelve hours a day without a murmur—that ambition pounded in her ears and sang in her blood.

Yet she had no idea how to go about preparing for worth-while roles until she met a person who was to play an important part in her life.

Much has been written and said of the strange neurotic man known as Paul Bern. Whatever pain his suicide caused his wife, Jean Harlow, those who knew and loved him best believed that he thought he was doing right. In spite of all the dark caverns his mind explored, he was perhaps the most saintlike person Hollywood will ever know. He was an able motion-picture supervisor, but he dedicated his life to serving human beings who had lost their way. It was not surprising that when Bern saw Lucille LeSueur standing in a dark corner of the set, watching the stars of that day, her eyes big with wonder, he should have known she needed him.

In the clipped accent that characterized his speech he told her to come to his office. He listened as she told him ungrammatically how futile her life seemed. She flung out her arms and said, "But nobody pays any attention to me. How can I get what I want?"

Hollywood

STAR IN THE MAKING

He took her strong young hands in his and looked into her eyes. "Improve yourself, my child. Study, work, have patience and faith in yourself."

It did not occur to Joan that he meant she should improve her mind, for she scarcely knew that books and music, art and science existed. However, there was plenty of room for physical improvement. She bought every known shade of lipstick, every color powder, and she spent hours learning how to embellish the face that was one day to be worth a million dollars.

She finally enlisted the aid of the studio hairdressers and the wardrobe women, and while she was still not beautiful, she did look well enough so that the directors whom she daily importuned for a real part in a picture began to notice her. Eventually it was decreed wise to start a smallish publicity campaign in her behalf.

Although Lucille LeSueur was her real name, it was obviously too theatrical, so a contest was conducted through a fan magazine, and an Eastern woman won a prize for suggesting the name Joan Crawford.

The name seemed to bring her good luck, for a few weeks after it was chosen the director, Edmund Goulding, gave her a role in Sally, Irene, and Mary. It was the first time she had had a real part.

The early films in which Joan appeared are ridiculous now. She overacted unbearably. She cried too much and moved too much and gave too much. It was difficult for her to stay within camera range.

Joan's option had been renewed at one hundred dollars a week, so she promptly bought a secondhand car and rented a house. It was the first home she had ever had.

Today on the walls of her Brentwood Heights mansion hang priceless English prints, Wedgwood plaques, a portrait done by a famous artist. The living room of the little house on Genesee Street was dominated by an enormous blue velvet drapery with a life-size dancing girl picked out in colored rhinestones. Paul Bern, seeing this, felt the corners of his mouth twitch. "Why do you have that, Joan?"

She turned to him in amazement. "But it's beautiful! It's the most beautiful thing I have ever seen."

Her bedroom was filled with lace boudoir pillows, pink taffeta draperies, and ridiculous long-legged dolls.

A house, a car, a maid, and a hundred dollars a week were wonderful, but they were not enough for the dance-hall kid who wanted everything. Her ambition had been transferred from dancing to acting, but she had not been given the opportunity to act. For Joan realized that the films in which she appeared were tenth-rate products.

So she did what she had always done when she was unsatisfied and her energy found no outlet. She danced. Joan Crawford the "hot-cha" kid, Joan Crawford of the tabloids, Joan Crawford the Charleston cup winner, emerged from unfulfilled soul appetite.

She was pretty ordinary. The Cocoanut Grove, the Montmartre, the beach clubs knew Joan Crawford in her skirt up to here, great bows on the noses of her four-inch-heeled patent-leather pumps, a hat pulled down over one eye.

"Need an extra girl for a party." "Call Joan—she'd go to a party if she was dying."

Joan had one room in her house just for the dancing cups she won. Joan had a new beau every week or so, and there were pictures of Joan with her cups, and newspaper strips of her doing the latest steps, and stories saying that Mrs. Cudahy, of the millionaire meat-packer family, did not approve of her son Michael being engaged to a cheap little chorus girl.

Yet today, when Miss Crawford speaks of those days, her eyes blaze defiance. "I had a swell time. I don't regret a minute of it!"

But she paid for every minute of it. The publicity concerning her exploits got so badly out of hand that she became, as her press agent so adroitly put it, "the target for disappointed wives." Twice she was named corespondent in divorce suits of men she knew but casually, even after the Charleston days were over, after there was no longer any need for her to escape in rhythm, because she was being given better roles.

It was as simple as that. In spite of the fact that she had thought herself standing still, she had actually been climbing, learning as she climbed. When her apprenticeship in tenth-rate films, quickies, and Westerns was served, she was assigned to films starring such important men as Lon Chaney, Jack Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, William Haines. In The Unknown, Across to Singapore, Spring Fever, West Point, and others, she got real direction. She felt that she was learning to act. Her dancing days stopped as suddenly as they had begun.

In the fall of 1927 she met Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She thought he was haughty, as people with no assurance

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—C. J. LUMB, N. J.

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

always feel those with poise and background to be. Shortly afterward she saw him on the Los Angeles stage in Young Woodley. He gave a sensitive, tender performance, and Joan fell in love with him that night.

"Young Doug" was scion of Hollywood's only royal family. At that time he was an earnest lad with a poetic turn of mind. He had been well educated; he had been abroad and had met Important People. Is it any wonder that Joan Crawford, who so recently had been Billie Cassin, should stand in awe of this paragon who, by some miracle, was in love with her?

Joan sat at Young Doug's feet lapping up the words of wisdom as they fell. She listened while he read poetry, and it was the first time she had known that the emotions could be titillated by words alone. Doug would casually mention some book he had read. "Tell me about it!" Joan would cry eagerly.

They were hard to understand, the books she discovered; but night after night she frowned over the pages of Shaw, Ibsen, and even Nietzsche. She felt she had wasted so much time. Every one knew more than she did. Hurry, hurry, read, read, know as much as everybody in the world!

She had begged for the leading role in a picture called Our Dancing Daughters. It was a gay, thoroughly charming little movie based on a timely subject, the modern girl of that day and her problems. In it Joan danced. She also did a fine job of characterization. Shortly after the preview Joan was called into the office of Louis B. Mayer, chief executive of M-G-M. A new contract lay on his desk. "Beginning Saturday," he said, "you will have five hundred dollars a week. We are very pleased with you, Joan, and think you will become a valuable star."

A STAR! Joan Crawford, star! It was happening. But she pulled herself back from this happiness to remember that this was just the beginning. She must work now in real earnest. She had come a long way, but the road still stretched ahead.

Instead of the dowdy, fat, awkward kid who had signed the first contract was a trim young woman, her hair short and sleek. She weighed, instead of 145 pounds, just 120. She knew how to put on a good make-up and her clothes were modish and in fairly good taste. Now she must meet people. She must learn to talk. She must read more and more. She must learn manners and be a gracious hostess. But, most important of all, she must be a good actress.

Whatever Joan Crawford is today she owes to the motion pictures. She owes her education, her graciousness, her culture to the films. She is a motion-picture product; for, although Doug had shown her the world of books, she did not begin to read copiously until she needed to do so for her picture work.

Our Dancing Daughters was the turning point in her career, for it had doubled her salary and brought her to the serious attention of the exhibitors; but she was far from being a star when a little device known as the microphone cast its sinister shadow across Hollywood. Her obscurity was a blessing. The world wondered, "How will Garbo's voice register?" "What will happen to John Gilbert when he faces the microphone?" No one speculated about Joan and her career.

Her publicity was entirely of a personal nature. In 1929 she and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were married in New York, and the speculation was whether or not Joan would be accepted at Pickfair, whether or not the marriage would last. Serious drama editors ignored her. But Joan had seen the shadow of the microphone over Hollywood, and Joan was beginning to work, alone.

Why did Joan's first marriage crash? The reason is revealed in Miss Albert's final article. Watch for it in an early issue.

A voice instructor from New York was engaged by the studio, but he was so busy with the big stars that he had no time for Joan. So she sat at home and read aloud. She read newspapers, magazines, books; and at her elbow she kept a dictionary, so she could look up pronunciations she did not know. She read plays before a mirror, enacting every role.

The first picture she made with sound was Untamed, with Robert Montgomery. It was a bad picture, but Joan sang a song at the beginning which recorded well. By the time Montana Moon came talkies were no longer a novelty. Stars had fallen or remained fixed and Joan slid on to the sound track without being hurt.

She was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She was working. She was making money. But she was not satisfied. She wanted now to be considered as a serious actress. And whereas she used to go to directors' offices and beg for a role, any role, now she went to the front office, a region of the studio that once had terrified her, and begged for dramatic work.

Executives laughed at her. She was still, to them, the wide-eyed kid named Lucille LeSueur. As Joan Crawford her films, cheaply made, brought in money. When they had in her a valuable property, why should they take chances? But these hardheaded business men had not taken into consideration the will power of their little money-maker. They did not know what energy she had or what dreams she had dreamed. And they did not realize that each success only whetted her fantastic, limitless ambition. Joan Crawford was to have her dramatic role, but she was to pay for it in suffering, and its direct result was to put her career in such jeopardy that no one, not even those who knew her best, believed she could ever rise above it.

THE END

Give Father a Chance!

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IT is a true intuition that prompts a young expectant mother to have at least her first baby at home. It is true insight that makes her want her husband at her side, and moves her to forego the safeguards of a hospital confinement, that he may be there. She feels that through the crucial hours she must have the strength his presence will give her—and then she wants him to share the glory of parenthood at its very beginning.

She is well inspired! I can bear witness to the rightness of her instinct. Not only will her mate's presence at the birth of the child of their love mean to her what she hopes; it will mean more to him than she thinks or he even dreams. I know, because I have witnessed and aided at the births of our five children, every one at home.

It was a divine experience! It sealed completely the compact of our affection. I can say from deep conviction that it is every man's privilege—and, personally, I feel it is his duty—to be right there when his child is born.

When I first found out, nineteen years ago, that I was to become a father, I felt elated. I began walking in the clouds! The months that followed were a wilderness to both of us, but we groped our way through. As they passed, I found my mate leaning more and more upon me, and in turn I discovered a new feeling arising in me—the protective instinct.

For Mother's Day—A heartfelt, provocative plea from the other side of the family

She had been a glamorous bride, yet here was a new loveliness I had never even conceived of. She seemed suffused with a glory which I could not comprehend. It awed me. I can smile now, because I know what it was. Approaching motherhood had transfigured her.

"I'm going to have the baby at home," she told me very calmly but definitely.

"But why?" I protested. "The hospital is safer."

"I know, and I will take a chance on that," she said with a smile of serenity. Then, clutching my hand: "I want you with me then."

"I understand!" I told her, and we went forward with our plans. The old family doctor agreed. We engaged a capable aunt as nurse, prepared the home for the event, and then waited eagerly and hopefully.

The hour came. The old doctor arrived, breathing confidence and good cheer. Through the hours of labor he comforted and encouraged my wife. But as the agony increased, he grew more earnest. "You stay by now!" he whispered to me. "Don't go out of her sight. Brace yourself and let her grip your hands. Tell her how happy you are to be the father of her child. Don't let her spirit sag for a moment. Pour yourself out for her now!"

I thought I had courage, but I call it weakness and timidity compared to the fortitude of that wisp of a girl. As she clutched my hands in the final moment with a strength I never knew she had, I gave her an answering grip. She calmed and smiled a new smile. She was no longer just a wife. She was now a mother!

As for the births of our other four children, the glory of the experience has not dimmed by the repetition, nor has the feeling of mystery and miracle diminished. Each time, the coming of new life has enriched our devotion to each other.

I feel very deeply that the young couple who have known the depths of feeling with the conception of a child, and then are separated at the great climax when it is born, have been robbed of one of life's richest experiences.

Hospitals keep husbands out of the delivery room because they feel they would be in the way, and occasionally one might be troublesome. But none of those items count in the larger issue of the divine right of a father and mother to be together as their child is born.

A clergyman friend of mine, who for years has made it a point to instruct young couples contemplating matrimony and whose marriages have proved singularly felicitous and enduring, tells me he always urges them when parenthood approaches to stipulate that the husband may be present in the delivery room.

"I point out to them that the attending physician has the right to have the husband present if he requests it," he says, "and I tell them, if the hospital refuses, to go elsewhere, or have the baby at home.

"Of all the premarriage and prenatal counsel I have given those expecting marriage and parenthood, nothing has brought me a greater return in expressions of gratitude than this."

I am inclined to believe that the hospital practice of barring husbands from the birth scene causes more one-child families than we ever dream of. While much comedy is made of prospective fathers pacing hospital corridors, the torture of uncertainty which they suffer often causes them to say to wives who want more children, "One is enough!"

In my own circle of acquaintance are three such one-child couples, in each instance finances and health being ample to justify three or four youngsters.

I recall one, an advertising man in Buffalo. He and his wife were thrilled beyond measure when they found parenthood approaching. They planned every detail months ahead. They made the trip to the hospital in an atmosphere of ecstasy.

Then for twenty-four hours he was the forgotten man. As the hours passed, it became anguish for him. Finally he was told he was a dad and was permitted to see the baby (which was as impersonal to him as an orphan might be) and his wife for a moment.

Afterward, his wife's energy and attention were poured out on the child, and the anticlimax was complete. "Never again!" he said to me bitterly one day. "No more children for us!"

I do not consider this man selfish so much as I consider him frustrated. And it was all needless.

Man sees God in His creative process when his child is born. The ego that flares with fatherhood soon is decentralized by the realization of responsibility.

When a father knows at firsthand the price that is paid to give him a child, he will gladly spend the rest of his life paying his debt to the "little mother" and the offspring. I know, because I'm a very ordinary individual and I'm doing it.

THE END

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Little Girl's Prayer in the Operating Room

BOSTON, MASS. — Because I think everybody should read a booklet entitled Under the Ether Cone, which gives a chapter from William H. Ridgway's book, The Christian Gentleman (W. A. Wilde Company, Boston, Mass.), I am urging you to ask him for his permission to reprint it. By doing so you will confer a great blessing on all Liberty readers.—*Findlay Richard Morehead.*

[*Agreeing heartily with Mr. Morehead, we did as he requested and were delighted to receive permission from Mr. Ridgway to give in our columns his beautiful story. It follows.*]

WHEN you go into a wisely run bank, which keeps its executives of easy access, you will note behind the rail or through the open office door His Royal Highness of the Last Word waiting to give his "O. K." or "N. G." to the business.

Very naturally you will think there can be nothing in that presidential hard and level head during the day but dollar marks and big words such as "collateral," "acceptances," "contingencies," "liabilities," "investments," and the like. . . .

But in Philadelphia the other day the president of one of the largest banks in the city called me to his desk behind the railing and said:

"Ridgway, I have a nice little story for you."

"Well, Mr. President, 'nice little stories' are always grist for my mill, and I will be very glad indeed to hear it above the din and rattle of bills of change, calls for more collateral, and other merry bank activities," was my laughing reply.

"I have a friend," said President Tee, "who has a little daughter who had to undergo a serious surgical operation. When the little patient was brought into the operating room on the litter and she saw the doctor and nurses in their white masks and robes, looking like Ku-Klux ghosts, she was disturbed and exclaimed:

"'What are you going to do to me?'

"'My dear little girl,' gently replied the surgeon, 'we are going to put you to sleep.'

"'And what are you going to do that for?'

"'You know that mean and cruel pain that hurts you often and makes you cry? Well, we are going to take it all away from you, so you will not be hurt by it any more. And we are going to do it while you are asleep,' was the tender and kindly reply of the doctor.

"'Why, Doctor,' cried the little girl, 'I never think of going to sleep without first saying my prayers on my knees by the side of my bed.'

"So nothing would do but the little girl must be lifted from the litter, and there upon her knees, upon the operating-room floor, and with folded hands, she prayed:

"'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
'Amen.'

"The upset nurses, with a suspicion of tears behind white masks, helped the little maiden back to the litter, and with a sweet and peaceful smile upon her face she went under the ether cone. The 'naughty pain' that had given her so much trouble was taken away by the great surgeon and left her a happy little daughter of my friend."

As I passed out of the banking house to become a part of the great human tide that flowed along the street I said to myself, "Say, Mr. Man, what better prayer can there possibly be for any one going under the ether cone?"

I remembered that the Master had said: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

A few days after I got this moving story from the "hard-headed" banker I was in the men's surgical ward of the hospital. Every bed was filled. Some of the men had been in the operating room and others were being made ready for the ordeal. . . .

I took my place in the middle of the ward from which I usually offer a prayer. I told the men I was going to give them a beautiful little story a banker told me about a little girl in a surgical ward.

"Now after I have told the story we will have my usual prayer, but instead of saying all together, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' we will all recite the same prayer the little girl did."

Then I told the story you have just read. I made a simple little prayer such as any child might make. At the end of the prayer all of us big men got right back to our mother's knee as we said together:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

And then I added for myself what I had said long, long ago: "God bless momma, God bless poppa, God bless brothers and sister and make little Willie a good boy."

When we opened our eyes we found something had happened in the last minute or two in that hospital ward! It was a different place. As I went out with a "Good-by, fellows, God bless and help you!" every man's face was alight with a smile as they called back. "Same to you! Come again!"

GOLD MEDAL FOR VALOR IS FOR CITIZENS

FORT PECK, MONT.—Re that nomination of Melvin Purvis for your Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship (March 19 Vox Pop):

How many of these Gold Medals do you have to give away? If you have plenty I'll start out and look up some of the obscure persons who are really responsible for making these heroes.

Why Purvis? He was only doing his duty that he swore to do when he took his job.

This reward-and-medal stuff is bum business, methinks, for any one who is getting good pay for that kind of work.

I know of lots of poor mothers and fathers who, to my way of thinking, should have a medal for bravery in raising their families in these times, with the odds so much against them. I'm 100 per cent for giving Purvis a medal if we can all have one.—*W. S. Alden.*

[This brings up a point in the conditions of our Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship award which is not clearly understood, i. e., that this medal is for *citizens* and not for officials of the law performing courageous and heroic service in behalf of the public.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

CHARCOAL ADSORBS ODORS

NEWARK, N. J.—As a chemist and as a constant reader of Liberty, I cannot overlook a mistake in an answer to one of your Twenty Questions in the March 26 issue.

Although activated charcoal will not neutralize odors, neither does it absorb them. The odors are *ad*sorbed "—that is, they are drawn to the surface of the charcoal and not absorbed to the interior. The charcoal used for odor-clearing purposes is finely ground, thereby exposing more surface.—*Meyer Greenstein.*

CLEOPATRA IN A HOOP SKIRT

BUFFALO CREEK, COLO.—I note that Mr. Curilovic (March 26 Vox Pop) uses the style of clothing Cleopatra wore as a corroboration to establish her nationality.

There are Chinese and Japanese statesmen today that wear clothing of American or English style, but that does not change their nationality. They are still Chinese and Japanese.

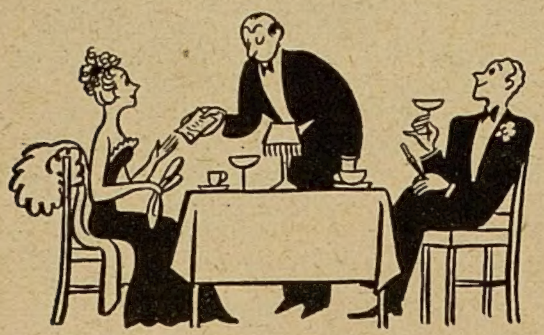
There is just one question I would like to ask Mr. Curilovic:

What nationality would he establish for Cleopatra had she chosen to wear a hoop skirt?—*Harry Searway.*

WHEN A GIRL PAYS A MAN'S WAY

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I note where Olivia de Havilland, screen star, says that she has read Emily Post's bit on occasions when a girl may decorously pay the check for her boy friend, and admits, "I'm very much in favor of it. I do it frequently myself, and see no reason why there should be any embarrassment on the part of the man who has been asked to escort me some place when I pay his expenses."

I'm in favor of this procedure myself, and also often practice it; but I often wonder how this proposition works with other girls and fellows—for instance, the readers of Liberty.—*Just an Extra Girl.*



John Bassett Moore on the House-Viereck Debate

NEW YORK, N. Y.—My dear Mr. Editor: Please accept my thanks for your letter enclosing G. S. Viereck's "debate" with Colonel House (April 2 Liberty). It is a very interesting debate, and I cannot help thinking that President Wilson was in a better position to tender our good offices to warring or to disagreeing powers than is our Chief Executive today, even though Colonel House, in his last paragraph, does not seem to think so.

It was not until he had to give a reason for actually going to war that President Wilson announced that it was our particular mission to "make the world safe for democracy." Probably no objective more fantastic or more delusive and illusive ever was enunciated; for, while it signified a warring nation shooting and bombing peace into a peaceless world, it perfectly exemplified the greatest obstacle to human progress, namely, that emotional hypocrisy which leads men and nations to disregard the scriptural admonition that no man should "think of himself more highly than he ought to think." (Romans 12:3.)

Probably you saw in the newspapers of the evening of February 9 and the morning of February 10 the London dispatch containing statements made by Professor Gilbert Murray in an address at the National Liberal Club concerning a speech made by General Spears, M. P., and published in the Carlisle Journal, in regard to a pledge given by the British Government to the United States to support any action the latter might take in the situation created in the Far East by Japan.

I wrote to an old correspondent in London who has long supplied me with papers and documents, asking him to send me a copy of the Carlisle Journal in which the speech was published. Today I have an answer, dated March 12, saying: "We beg to say we have enquired of the publishers of the Carlisle Journal, who regret that they are unable to find in their Journal any such statements. We have enquired of other sources, but regret we are unable to trace any publication containing these statements."

As an example of the reckless freedom of publication which invariably characterizes our associate "democracies," this is truly instructive and amusing.—*John Bassett Moore.*

MILLION-DOLLAR INCOMES ON THE INCREASE?

HOPEDALE, OHIO—Mr. Macfadden's editorials are deep, practical, and wonderful. Please ask him to write one on The Rich Getting Richer, the Poor Getting Poorer.

This is a fact, as figures show that in 1936 there were thirty-two persons paid income tax on their million-dollar incomes, as against fifty-nine who paid on their million-dollar incomes for 1937.

Is this proof of a real administration of democracy? I say no!—*Rea Gilbert.*

THE CHANCE TO LIVE WITH GLORY

DETROIT, MICH.—I've just finished reading The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, by Grace Perkins. What a story! So alive! So real!

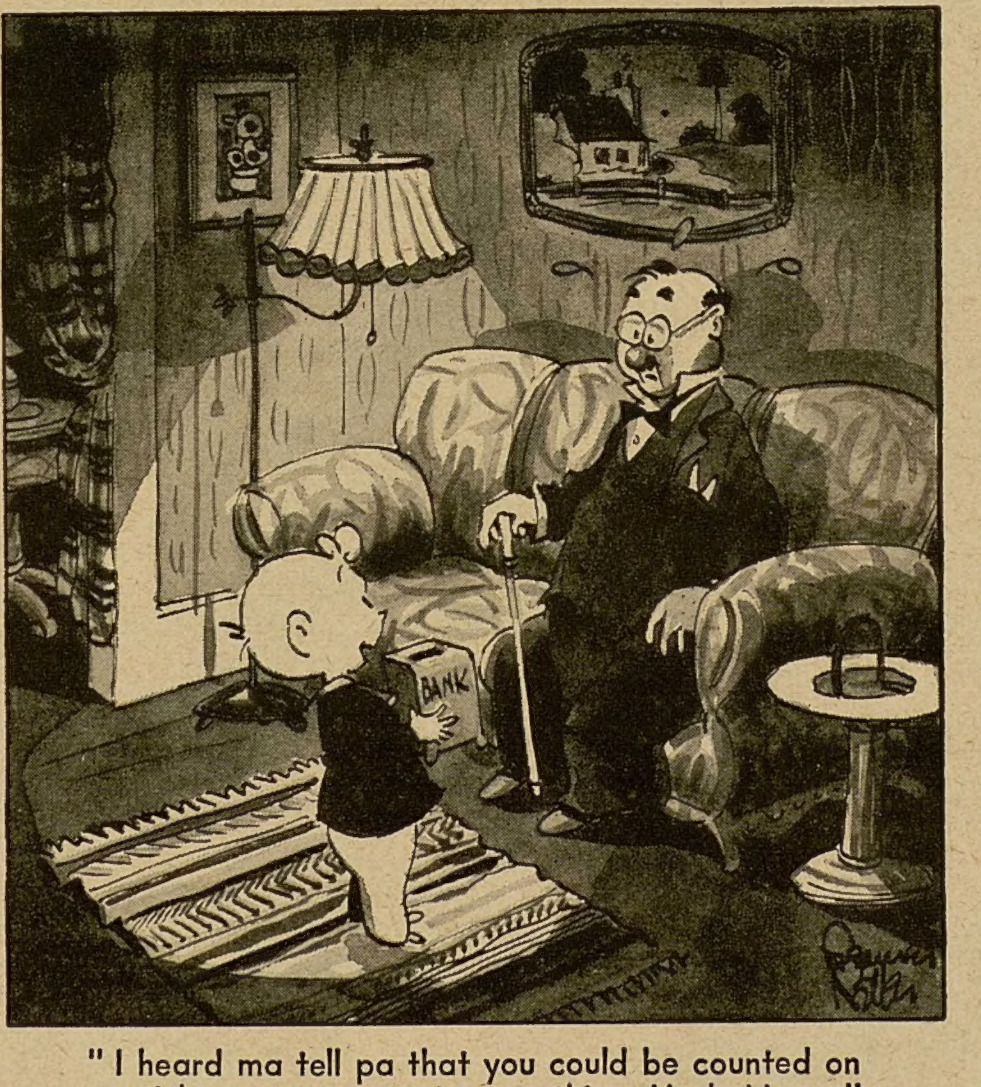
I, too, want to write stories more than anything else in life except what Glory wanted most—a good man to love and a baby in her arms. But can I make my characters live and love and fight the elements as Glory and Jeff and Frick did? Will I ever be able to send the blood racing through the readers' veins, their temples throbbing, hearts contracting and breath coming in painful jerks and eyes blinded with tears, as Grace Perkins has done?

I hope so!

Thank you for the chance to live so intensely with Glory for a little while. I think I shall read the story again some distant day when life about me seems dull and stale.

And now, with all the beauty and horror I've been through pounding in my brain, I'm off to get the latest Liberty—the grandest little magazine on the market.—*Ida May Wheeler.*

"HARDTACK"



"I heard ma tell pa that you could be counted on to stick your two cents in everything, Uncle Henry."

FINGERPRINT EXPERT RIDDLES MR. BECKER'S COMMENT

WASHINGTON, D. C.—After reading Mr. Becker's comment in April 2 Vox Pop regarding Charles Francis Coe's 3 Men in a Room I feel that I should enlighten the Gentleman in the Dark.

I'm afraid that it will take more than a restorative for his attempted sarcasm with reference to the law as a profession. Ignorance is no excuse for an attempt to "belittle" the methods of modern law enforcement.

The law requires a definite number of corresponding points or characteristics to be identical, and no points or characteristics to be different, in order to establish an identity by use of fingerprints.

In our experience with over five million fingerprints we find that the only thing which can make identification impossible by the use of fingerprints is complete amputation of all ten fingers, and then we can resort to the patterns present on the feet.

If the "unbelieving" Mr. Becker ever happens in Washington, I recommend that he ask to be shown the fingerprints of John Dillinger, deceased, before burning or scarring and after the above-mentioned attempted mutilation.

In justified indignation, I remain—*W. H. B., Assistant Fingerprint Classifier, F. B. I., U. S. Department of Justice.*

Kennedy, Hitler, and Dead Man's Log

SOME PEOPLE say that, in the present Ambassador to the Court of St. James, we have an able business executive who has the confidence of the New Dealers and of big business too; therefore an ideal man to inherit the Presidential reins from Mr. Roosevelt. . . . Other people say there are too many " outs " against Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy. . . . Especially religious prejudice. . . . Still others feel we have outgrown that phase of intolerance. . . . What are the probabilities in this interesting proposal? . . . We asked Ernest K. Lindley, author of two books about President Roosevelt, one of Washington's ablest correspondents, who knows Mr. Kennedy well, to explore the subject. . . . Every American will be interested in Mr. Lindley's frank story about Mr. Kennedy as a Presidential possibility in Liberty next week. . . . FROM JOE KENNEDY TO ADOLF HITLER is, seemingly, a leap from one world to another. . . . You have just taken that leap. . . . An intimate picture of that other world of Nazism will be given by Edward Price Bell in an exclusive interview called What Hitler Told Me. . . . Here is a face-to-face meeting with Germany's leader, given, it is true, some time before he marched into Austria, but expounding his long-range political intentions with unaccustomed candor. . . . EXCITEMENT AND FUN are also in the coming issue. . . . Take Dead Man's Log, for example. . . . Here is a novelized version of a strange and true episode. . . . Its parallels with Mutiny on the Bounty are bound to cause comment. . . . This is about mutiny in a New Bedford whaler. . . . The captain set adrift. . . . The crew taking over an island. . . . An American man-o'-war sent after the mutineers. . . . Trial in New Bedford, and the extraordinary verdict of the jury. . . . From these elements Louis B. Davidson, specialist in maritime law, has fashioned Dead Man's Log, a salty tale, me hearties, and, believe it or not, tied up with this morning's news. . . . Because the island of our mutineers is now in dispute between Great Britain and the United States. . . . Great Britain wants the island for an airplane base. . . . So does the United States. . . . And we say that we own the island because of the occupation by those mutineers. . . . We know you won't want to miss Dead Man's Log. . . . WHEN THOSE FELLOWS sailed the seas their voyages lasted three years and longer. . . . Soon you will be able to buy a ticket in New York at breakfast time and have lunch next day in London. . . . News of the plans for transatlantic passenger service comes to you in an article by Fred Allhoff. . . . He will open your eyes to what is coming within a short time. . . . CHOICE SHORT STORIES will include Baird Hall's Present for Tommy, and Scott Littleton's Heil Ginsberg! . . . And there will be a great sports article by Jack Kofoed, to mention only one of many other exciting features. . . . FROM THE MAIL: A letter from Hirosi Saito, Japanese Ambassador: " I have read the debate with Colonel House with profound interest. I consider the articles as indicating a new and national trend of thought among statesmen and scholars which will have a far-reaching effect in the shaping of future international relations. You are doing a great service in the interests of justice and peace." . . . A letter on the same subject from John Bassett Moore, which you will find on the Vox Pop page of this issue. . . . From George E. Sokolsky, who will soon begin an extraordinary series of articles in Liberty, the following: " This assignment is so fascinating that I am beginning to wonder if you aren't the devil incarnate. It has taken my mind off politics and labor and put it on to the much more significant and substantial problem of how people live. For instance, do you realize what it would mean to the people of the United States if we stopped importing rubber and began making rubber in this country? Can you imagine how many men would go to work who are today idle? And yet rubber can be made out of coal, limestone, and salt." . . . From the Rev. Paul Bussard, Editor of the Catholic Digest: " I feel I should commend Liberty because it seems unafraid to talk about religion. Formerly the press might talk all they wished to about religion but dared not mention sex. Now they can talk all about sex, but for some inexplicable reason dare not mention religion. I think one might well question whether this is progress or not." . . . A letter from David I. Wilentz asking for a complete set of the installments of Governor Hoffman's articles on the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case. . . . In the same mail a letter from Paul Wendel also asking for copies of the Hoffman story. . . . Finally, a note delivered by hand states that Jafsie is downstairs in the lobby; he refuses to come up, but he also wants a complete set of the Hoffman installments. . . . Faith Baldwin, whose serial Hotel Hostess is making a great hit with our readers, writes from Fable Farm, her Connecticut home, that she is busy spraying the roses for bugs. . . . Kathleen Norris promises to do more of her exciting short stories for Liberty. . . . And a letter from Egypt: Some years ago in Luxor we witnessed a private performance by Sheik Musa, a snake charmer. . . . He found a cobra in a deserted garden and wrapped it round his neck. . . . We told a friend of ours about it, and when he went to Upper Egypt he was determined to see Sheik Musa. . . . His letter: " Sheik Musa is no more; he died from the bite of a cobra." . . . We remember that the Sheik offered to teach us, for the sum of $50, the magic words that would make us immune from snake bites. . . . Wonder if the poor man forgot the magic words himself. . . . From the Trans-Pacific News Service comes a copy of Carl Crow's I Speak for the Chinese, an able pamphlet.

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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BY EDWARD DOHERTY

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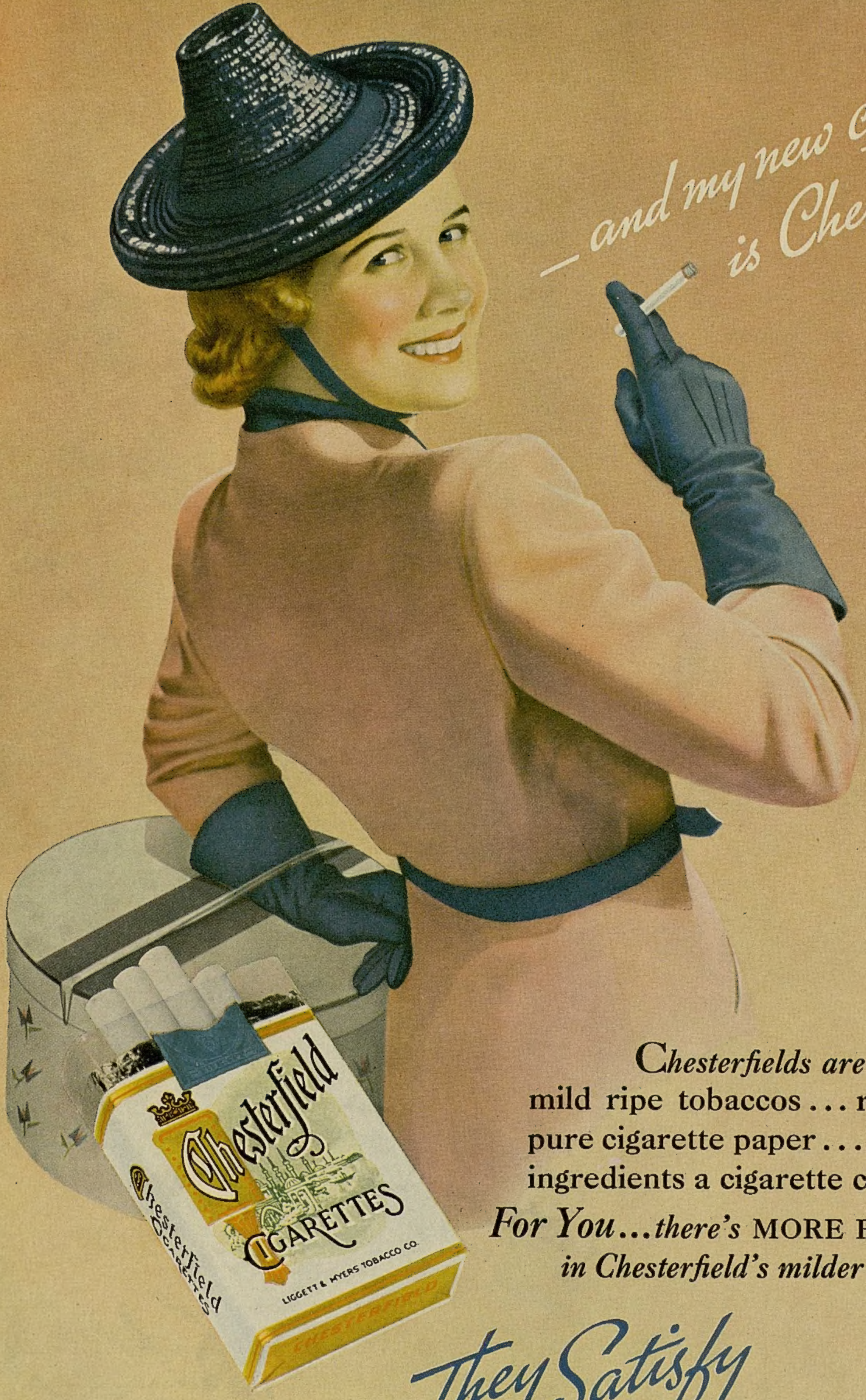
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